The Outlook

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THE STORY OF THE WAR: OFFICIAL MANIFESTOES AS THE THIRD YEAR BEGINS

With the close of the second year of the war the political and military leaders of the great nations involved in the struggle issued to their respective peoples proclamations of encouragement and congratulation on the heroism and persistence of armies and nations. Thus the Kaiser, President Poincaré, General Haig, General Joffre, Mr. Lloyd George, and others improved the opportunity to speak directly on the results of the two years of war. Naturally, the German proclamation differs *in toto* from the others in its view of the situation. The Kaiser's manifesto insists that "you [that is, the German armies] have always proved yourselves superior to them" (that is, the soldiers of the Allies). The Emperor admits, however, that "the strength and will of the enemy are not yet broken," and there is evident in the manifesto a recognition of the fact that Germany is now on the defensive. General Haig and President Poincaré, on the other hand, speak in a tone of confidence. General Joffre says: "The moment is approaching when, under the strength of our mutual advance, the military power of Germany will crumble." President Poincaré says: "The superiority of the Allies is already apparent to every one. The scales of fate have protracted oscillations. Now one of the trays keeps on the ascent, the other is lowering under a burden which nothing will lighten." M. Poincaré's review of the causes of the war and of Germany's guilt in attacking France is forceful in the extreme. General Haig again emphasizes the fact that, as he says, "the tide has turned," and adds, "Time has been with the Allies from the first. It is only a question of more time till we win a decisive victory."

ON THE BATTLE-LINES

The week ending August 2 was marked with notable advances by the Russians in their offensive, and by steady, although not rapid, gains by the French and British forces on the western line.

All along the Somme River the Allies' offensive has been pushed, and the gains, made after terrific fighting, particularly in the Delville Woods, are bringing the Allies nearer to their objectives. The French, for instance, in one single day repulsed, it is reported, sixteen separate attacks between Hem Woods and the river, and they are already on the outskirts of the town of Maurepas, while the still more important town of Combles is threatened by the French advance. The British have gone beyond the Trones Woods, which they fought so hard to gain, and have advanced east of Pozières; while they have met with severe counter-attacks, they were in a better position at the end of the week than at the beginning. It is difficult to estimate just how much of value has been gained by the combined offensive so far, for this depends very largely on the relative losses of the two contending forces, and it is naturally impossible to get any accurate idea as to this. Thus the German official view is that the Allies have gained in distance only two and one-half miles on a seventeen-mile front, while the German estimate of the Allies' loss is about 350,000; and this, it is asserted, is far greater than that of the Germans. French statements, on the other hand, put the loss of the Germans as high as 650,000.

On the eastern line the Austrians have been falling back, so that Lemberg and Kovel are more and more in danger. The first great achievement of last week by the Russians was the capture of the important town of Brody (fifty-eight miles northeast of Lemberg), and this was followed by rumors that the inhabitants of Lemberg were fleeing from the town and that its fall was imminent. The same thing was stated of Kovel, which is about one hundred miles north and a little east of Lemberg. Very probably these rumors are exaggerated, but there is no doubt

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that both of these critical points and important cities are in great danger. The Russian advance on Lemberg now is both from the south and from the northeast. The Russians have crossed the Stokhod River, in Volhynia, and bid fair to reach a position which will endanger the German lines of defense along the Bug River, while even south of the Dniester River the Teuton forces have been driven back in some places. If these should fall back, the capture, first of Kovel and then of Lemberg, would seem inevitable, and unless the German and Austrian armies move westward rapidly along the north and south line they now occupy, there would be a reasonable chance that a Russian wedge might be driven between the Austrians and the Germans. The Russian reports of prisoners captured mount high into the thousands.

The merchant submarine Deutschland left its pier at Baltimore on August 1; whether it has escaped the hostile cruisers outside the three-mile limit is not known as we write.

THE BRITISH BLACKLIST

In form a vigorous, in substance a mild, protest against the British blacklist has been sent by the United States Government to the Government of Great Britain. The protest is based, not on any rule of international law or any treaty provision, but on what the American Government declares vaguely, but emphatically, to be the right of American citizens. As a matter of fact, there seems to have been nothing else for our Government to do if it were going to protest at all. As The Outlook pointed out last week, England's blacklist is simply a notification to British subjects that they shall not deal with certain individuals and concerns who are alleged to be engaged in trade with Great Britain's enemies. It is the application of a domestic law of Great Britain, which, in turn, makes specific a practice common, and indeed unavoidable, in every war. That Great Britain perceives that it may not be expedient to push this boycott too far is evident by the explanations which the British Government has made to the effect that it is not intended to apply to those who trade with the individuals or concerns on the boycotted list. In other words, it is to be a primary boycott, not a secondary one. It is probably true that English bluntness in putting the boycott into effect rather than the boycott itself has been the chief cause of protest.

A NEW CHIEF SECRETARY FOR IRELAND

For some time Ireland has been without a Lord Lieutenant or Chief Secretary; that is to say, without executives, the first of whom represents the King and is assisted by the Chief Secretary—really a Prime Minister—directly responsible to the Imperial Parliament. This week we have to report the appointment of a new Chief Secretary. It may seem strange that he should be a Unionist; but when we consider the Unionist opposition to the recent agreement concluded between Mr. Lloyd George and the Irish Nationalists, it does not seem strange that the Liberals should seek for co-operation, if it can be had, in this way. The new Chief Secretary is the Rt. Hon. Henry Edward Duke, the well-known economist and Member of Parliament.

As may be anticipated, however, this appointment was like a red rag to the Nationalists, who complain that, as Mr. Campbell, the Attorney-General for Ireland, is a Unionist, the Irish government is now in the hands of two Unionist lawyers, and that this, together with the landowners' statement of future martial policy, indicates the setting up of an administration akin to that which ruled in the troubled eighties. On August 1, in the House of Commons, at a meeting of the Irish Parliamentary party, presided over by its leader, Mr. John Redmond, a resolution was passed that this "revival of the discredited system of 'Castle rule' and the appointment of a Unionist executive is an outrage on the feelings of the Irish people."

But this was not all. The resolution also declared that "the alterations of the heads of the agreement on the Irish settlement were alone responsible for the failure to secure the war emergency settlement of the Irish question, and we record our conviction that the failure to keep faith will have a most unfortunate and serious effect on the situation."

The day before, Mr. Redmond had declared in the House of Commons that the Irish Nationalist party had agreed to every word of a written contract, but that since then the Government had not kept faith with the Nationalists concerning two points in the agreement, namely, the exclusion of the dissenting Irish counties and the retention of the Irish membership in the House of Commons. With regard to these points the text of the agreement as proposed by Mr. Lloyd George

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and read to the House of Commons by Mr. Asquith has now reached this country, and is as follows:

1. The Home Rule Act is to be brought into operation as soon as possible after Parliamentary sanction has been given to the exclusion from its operation of the six counties of Antrim, Armagh, Down, Fermanagh, Londonderry, and Tyrone, and the three Parliamentary boroughs of Belfast, Londonderry, and Newry.

2. The main changes contemplated in the existing Act, apart from those which are consequential on the exclusion of the six counties, are two. The Irish House of Commons is to consist of the persons who are, for the time being, members returned by the same constituencies in Ireland to serve in the Imperial Parliament. The Appeal Court in Dublin is to consist of judges appointed by the Imperial Executive.

3. Words will be proposed to make it abundantly clear that the Irish executive cannot encroach in any way on the undivided power and responsibility of the Imperial authority in all that pertains to the successful prosecution of the war, especially with reference to the Defense of the Realm Act and other emergency legislation.

4. The bill in which these proposals will be embodied will remain in force during the war and for twelve months thereafter. If Parliament has not by that time made further and permanent provision for the government of Ireland, the period is to be extended by Order in Council.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE AND THE IRISH SITUATION

As will be noted, while the Irish House of Commons is mentioned, nothing is said about the Irish Senate, which was to consist of forty members, these to be nominated at first by the Lord Lieutenant, but afterwards elected by proportional representation; thus the Province of Ulster would have fourteen Senators, Leinster eleven, Munster nine, and Connaught six.

After Mr. Redmond had agreed to Mr. Lloyd George's proposals, it was asserted in the House of Lords that the Unionist members of the Coalition Cabinet would assent only with the understanding that the word "permanent" was to precede the word "exclusion" in the first paragraph; and that the words "until dissolution" were to succeed the word "Parliament" in the second paragraph.

Mr. Lloyd George calls the first of these alterations less a matter of substance than of words; he reminds the Nationalists that the Ulster counties could not be coerced into an Irish Parliament, but that when they were willing to come in no one should seek to keep them out; that their exclusion for the present would not have affected the full powers given to the Nationalist part of Ireland under the Home Rule Act; and the question of their coming in voluntarily afterwards could have been decided when it had been seen how Home Rule was working out. The Home Rule Parliament would work well, prophesied Mr. Lloyd George, the apprehensions of Ulster would be removed, and the Ulster counties would come in of their own free will.

Concerning the second point, Mr. Lloyd George admitted that it was not unnatural for the Unionists to protest against the continuance of Irish over-representation in the House of Commons. (Ireland has a member to less than 7,000 voters, while in England there is a member to an average of 12,000.) He declared that it would not have been fair to retain such a representation after the larger part of Ireland had a Parliament of its own. It was his understanding, however, that when Irish affairs were to be discussed in the London Parliament, the full Irish representation should be called to participate just as before the existence of the Irish Parliament. Mr. Lloyd George then summed up the whole matter:

> In making alterations from the original draft of the scheme of settlement it cannot be said that the Government has done anything fundamentally unjust to Ireland. It must be remembered that the Unionist leaders who had fought for a lifetime against Home Rule have for the first time in history accepted Home Rule for five-sixths of Ireland. . . . It is a great pity that the scheme was not accepted, for then the Irish Parliament would have been an accomplished fact. The Irish people would have obtained what they have struggled and suffered for during so many generations. An actual Home Rule Parliament would be in being for five-sixths of Ireland, and once that were established, nothing in the world would have destroyed it again. . . . I think the Nationalist leaders would have been well advised to have taken the offer made to them even with the alterations which the Unionist half of the Cabinet demanded. Nothing altered the fundamental fact that all parties in the nation, for the first time in history, were offering Home Rule to Nationalist Ireland. . . . We achieved at least one thing that has never hitherto been accomplished: we brought the representatives of the Irish Nationalists and the Ulster Unionists to the point of

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taking hands instead of shaking fists at each other.

This was indeed a historic achievement. Mr. Lloyd George may well be proud of it.

THE STATUS OF THE GUARD

Some time ago The Outlook published an editorial criticising the system under which our National Guard was organized and giving some account of the historical difficulties which had arisen whenever the State troops had been called into the National service. Some of our correspondents at that time criticised us for delving into the past to find reasons for objecting to our present system of State troops. We were told, in fact, that under the present system there was no danger that our Government would find itself with a lawsuit on its hands instead of an army if the need of calling out State troops should arise.

So far as we know, no lawsuit has been connected with the present mobilization of the Guard, but the absurdity of having to transfer soldiers from one authority to another in the face of a threatened emergency is brought out in a recent opinion of the Judge Advocate-General, Enoch H. Crowder, upon the present status of the National Guard. This opinion was given to the Secretary of War in answering questions raised by a letter from a Member of Congress. This Congressman wished to know whether the National Guard as at present mustered in by officers of the regular army under the oath required by the National Defense Act (the Hay Bill) was still within the jurisdiction of the several States, subject to orders from their Governors, or whether it was now a part of the regular army of the United States, and liable to the full term of service of the regular army. This Congressman also wished to know if the National Guard at present along the Mexican border was available for service beyond the borders of the United States—the old question which has vexed and troubled the country from the time of the War of 1812 to the present day.

To these questions the Judge Advocate-General answers, in effect, that there are now in the service of the United States under the call of June 18, 1916, two classes of militia: one, the militia organized under the Dick Bill, and the other, the National Guard as organized under the recent National Defense Act. The status of the first class is that of militia called into the service of the United States for one of the purposes specified in the Constitution—that is, to protect the United States from invasion. They are not a part of the regular army of the United States, nor are they liable to the regular army term of service, but while in the service of the Government they are entitled to the same allowances and benefits as the regular troops, and are likewise subject to the laws and regulations governing the regular army so far as applicable to their temporary status. They are not while in such service under the jurisdiction of the State, nor are they subject to the orders of their Governors, whose authority over them for the time being is suspended, except only with respect to the appointment of certain officers.

The second class of troops organized under the National Defense Act is in every respect subject to the same regulations and laws as the organized militia called out under the Dick Act. Further than this, at the President's discretion, they can be drafted as a National force to supplement the regular army, and are available for any service for which the regular army may be used. If the President should so draft it, the draft could read: "For the period of emergency, not exceeding three years, unless sooner discharged."

CAN THE GUARDSMEN VOTE?

While the status of the men in the Guard as soldiers is under consideration, it is also interesting to discover their status as civilians. Their civilian status will be, of course, most important to them at the time of the election in November. New York State, with its seventeen thousand soldiers upon the Mexican border, is perhaps most vitally concerned in this important question, and on this point the Attorney-General of the State, Mr. Woodbury, has just given his opinion. In the State Constitution there is a provision which reads: "Provided that in time of war no elector in the actual military service of the United States, in the army or navy thereof, shall be deprived of his vote by reason of his absence from such election district."

In Mr. Woodbury's opinion, the present situation is covered by this provision. Mr. Woodbury compares the present situation existing between the United States and Mexico to the condition of "imperfect war" recognized and defined by several Federal Court decisions. In one of these decisions the Court held that, although Congress had not made a formal declaration of war against

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certain Indian tribes, nevertheless the fact that the Indians were engaged in acts of general hostilities to settlers, and that the Government had deemed it necessary to despatch the military forces for purposes of subjection, was sufficient to constitute a state of war. The Attorney-General's opinion is, moreover, based upon the fundamental principle that the right of the elector to exercise his privilege of voting is one of the highest rights of citizenship, and must be preserved unless unsurmountable obstacles are found to stand in the way.

THE SPIRIT OF THE GUARDSMAN

Last week we printed a letter from an enlisted member of a New York National Guard regiment. The simple facts which that letter related showed the inefficiency of our present State militia system. The writer of that letter expressed the opinion that when the National Guard returns "there won't be any Seventh, Twelfth, and Seventy-first left;" that every one was going "to get out as soon as possible." The attempt to Federalize the militia has resulted, as it was bound to result, in failure; and the members of the National Guard know it.

It is the system that is wrong, however, not the men. The spirit of the National Guardsman in the face of a bad system and a blundering policy is illustrated by the following extracts from a letter. The writer of the following letter, like the writer of the letter we published last week, is a member of a New York regiment of the National Guard which is stationed on the Mexican border:

Recently there has been a good deal of grumbling among the men, several of whom have gone home because their enlistments have expired. There is a feeling down here that the Administration is using us as a political expedient in order to secure a trained body of men in case of an actual crisis. Of course there are a number here who are really needed at home or else are physically weak. L—— and I don t come under either one of these categories, so long as our pay continues, but even if we did I shouldn't feel much different than I do now. Surely it is a great asset for our country to have a trained body of men, if not to perfection, at least having a general idea of military affairs. This is the fundamental truth to consider, not what the motives or personal profits of any one man are, but the good of the whole U. S. A. I can't see the situation in any other way. I can't help but feel that this is an era of sacrifice; that it is vitally necessary that some of us obtain this training, and that the National Guard appear to be the ones who can most easily and quickly acquire this knowledge. I also believe that we should stay here until this situation is absolutely straightened out, until we feel positive that there will be no more border outrages committed by Mexicans, nor any killings made by Texans. In other words, I believe our duty is to intervene, conquer, and then police Mexico until matters are properly adjusted, but I feel very sure that nothing of this kind will happen. We'll probably come back without a shot fired, with little accomplished—all sorts of assurances from Carranza, who immediately after our backs are turned will continue more murder. But enough. "Do your duty and leave consequences to God," as Stonewall Jackson used to say. Just now the band is playing some good old ragtime song, a bunch of fellows are singing down the street, and a million stars are twinkling overhead. . . .

The cake and cookies you sent were delicious and lasted about half an hour, and others are receiving supplies from home each day. Then the veterans of Company X are most generous, not to mention the regular food we get, which is very good. As a matter of fact, you can eat most anything with relish, sleep anywhere with comfort, and not object to the heat in the least. To my mind, this life is a cinch compared to New York routine, which calls for twice as much energy and endurance. So please don't expend too much sympathy on your "border boys," and above all discount ninety-five per cent of what you read in the newspapers. . . .

I surely do miss my books, for it is my first experience ever since I can remember of allowing two weeks to elapse without reading a novel or essay. But this is no place for revery, theorizing, or day-dreaming. We must train our minds on a thousand and one practical details, more or less difficult for me.

The Nation that has such men serving it in the ranks of its citizen soldiery ought to give them a National military organization, under exclusive control of the National Government, and provide for them as it is not providing now.

CONGRESS

The two most important appropriation bills of the year, probably—those providing funds for the use of the army and navy—have finally passed the Senate and have gone to a conference between the two houses. These were the largest appropriation bills for defense purposes ever passed by Congress in time of peace. The amount carried by the Army Bill is over $313,000,000, and that by the Naval Bill over $315,000,000. The question with regard to both bills is whether the men

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whom the House has sent as conferees will be able to reduce the amounts voted so as to cripple our National service.

Two important amendments to the Constitution have been introduced into Congress. The first, introduced by Representative James, proposes to amend the Constitution relative to the executive veto of bills passed by Congress by providing that "the President shall have power to disapprove of any item or items of any bills making appropriations of money embracing distinct items; and the part or parts approved shall be the law; and the item or items disapproved shall be void unless repassed according to the rules and limitations prescribed for the passage of other bills over the executive veto." This resolution is, of course, directed against the infamous system of "riders," or irrelevant propositions, tacked on to money bills—propositions which under other circumstances would have small chance of success—and also against items which are unjustifiable but which now cannot be eliminated by the Executive without the sacrifice of all the other and necessary appropriations.

The second resolution was proposed by Senator Thomas, of Colorado. He would amend the Constitution so as to make Federal judges ineligible for any elective office during their incumbency of the judiciary and for three years after their retirement from the bench. Of course this resolution from a Democratic Senator was aimed at the Republican candidate for the Presidency, ex-Justice Hughes. The only effect of the resolution so far has been petty political talk. It was brought to an end by one of Senator Thomas's political brethren, Senator Stone, who justly scolded the Senators for consuming time in political speeches when the state of legislative business demanded action.

THE RIVERS AND HARBORS BILL

The President has signed the Rivers and Harbors Bill. This, however agreeable to the interests about to be benefited by the appropriations of this forty-two million dollar bill, was, we believe, to the great majority of intelligent men in the country a disheartenment. They had hoped that Mr. Wilson would remember the plank in the platform on which he was elected in 1912: "We demand a return to that simplicity and economy which befit a democratic government." If Mr. Wilson had vetoed the River and Harbor abomination, he would, we believe, have gained in the long run. The bill, now law, is in some respects as outrageous as any ever passed by Congressional "pork-hunters." It may be remembered that two years ago a somewhat similar bill was held up single-handed by ex-Senator Burton, of Ohio, in a remarkable filibuster; all the items were stricken from the bill and a substitute measure adopted, voting funds to be expended only on continuing projects by the Secretary of War. Senator Kenyon, of Iowa, proposed this plan with regard to the bill of 1916; but he was outvoted.

The measure has some good features, of course; but the greater part of the appropriation is to be spent on projects of purely local interest, from which no permanent National benefit will result. According to Senator Kenyon, half the appropriation is "to be poured into waterless streams and dry rivers." This doubtless is exaggeration; but it is true that a very large number of items are more than doubtful, revealing our unwise and unscientific method of providing for rivers and harbors, and our negligence in not creating a waterways commission to study and supervise the whole question of the use of water throughout our country.

THE FOREST FIRES IN CANADA

During the last week in July a disastrous forest fire swept through part of northern Ontario, obliterating a score of small settlements. It has been officially announced by the Canadian Government that at least one hundred and eighty-four people lost their lives during the progress of the fire, and newspaper reports suggest that the loss may reach five hundred when news from the smaller settlements is received. A heavy rainstorm on July 31 was all that saved a very much larger part of this Canadian province from ravage by fire. As it is, hundreds of men and women have been left homeless and the Dominion Government has been forced to take extraordinary measures to provide for the refugees.

The town of Matheson, Ontario, it is reported, suffered most in a material way, and in this town thirty-five people perished in the flames and smoke. The greatest loss of life occurred at Nushka and Monteith, where ninety-eight people were burned to death.

We have seen no report as to how this disastrous fire was started, but the history of other forest fires leads one to surmise that the disaster may have been caused by the care-

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CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

Herbert Johnson in the Saturday Evening Post (Philadelphia)

HARPOONING THE HYPHENATES

Starrett in the New York Tribune

EXHAUSTED FRANCE

Weed in the Philadelphia Public Ledger

"HEFTING" THEM

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CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

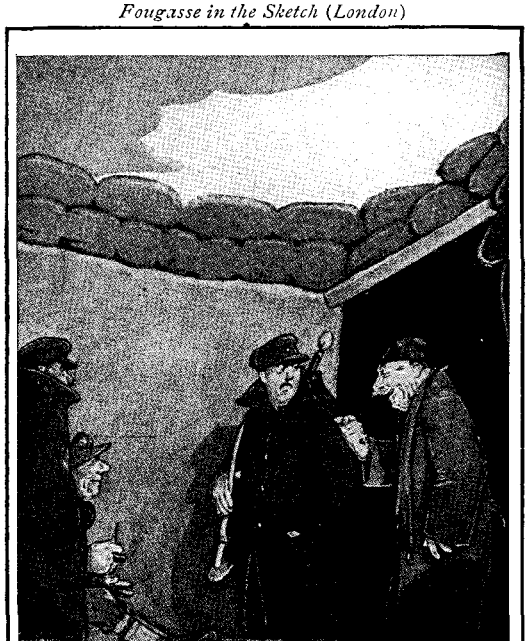
G. Paris in Le Rire (Paris)

"Mr. Mayor, I have eight hundred men for you to room."

Captain B. Bairnsfather in the Bystander (London)

"'Ere, when you're finished, I'll borrow that there top note of yours to clean the knives with."

Fougasse in the Sketch (London)



The Humorist: "'Eard about old Bill 'ere savin' a feller's life yesterday?"
Excited Chorus: "No!"
The Humorist: "Yus. Fired at 'im and missed 'im!"

Mitchell in the Bystander (London)

THE VALOR OF IGNORANCE

"I think our new sergeant-major is a bit of an ass, sir. I asked him who held the Pass of Thermopylæ, and he said he didn't."
"Ha! ha! ha! And I bet the old rascal did, you know!"

WHEN SOLDIERS LAUGH

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lessness of some camper who did not obey the first law of the great woods—Put out your fires. The combination of a high wind, a careless camper, and a burning match is enough to set at naught the most careful provisions of skillful and resourceful fire wardens. We can be glad that our own Government has moved forward in the last few years in the organization of a system to prevent such a fire as has swept northern Ontario. The preservation of our forests from fire is a work to which too much attention cannot be given.

"NEXT DOOR TO A VOLCANO"

The marvel of the great explosions at the Jersey City terminal early on Sunday morning of last week was that so few lives were lost; only four deaths are positively known to have been directly caused by the disaster. In the two terrific blasts—one at a quarter past two in the morning, the other half an hour later—hundreds of tons of explosives by their crash rocked or shook buildings twenty miles away and farther; Ellis Island with its frightened immigrants was bombarded; barges filled with deadly missiles floated about the harbor; Manhattan and Brooklyn Boroughs were terrified by the concussions and by the glass falling from hundreds of windows. One can imagine the panic and injury that would have followed in lower New York if the explosion had taken place when the streets were crowded. And yet the list of injuries was small; that of deaths as compared with innumerable less startling disasters, as in railway collisions, insignificant. As to damage, the cost to the insurers of glass alone is put at $300,000, and the uninsured glass was probably worth at least as much. No one knows the value of the explosives destroyed, but it is stated that every day a thousand tons of high explosives are loaded on barges at the terminals near New York and sent out to ships in Gravesend Bay. Here is a bit of description from one account, that in the New York "Sun":

Between the two mighty explosions came the manifestation as of an American Verdun. Bombs soared into the air and burst a thousand feet above the harbor into terrible yellow blossom. Shrapnel peppered the brick walls of the warehouses, plowed the planks of the pier, and rained down upon the hissing waters. Shells shot hither and thither, exploding under the touch of the terrific heat and shooting their missiles at random. Some of the shrapnel shells fell even in Manhattan. On the pier arose a white glare as of a million mercury vapor lights.

What caused this terrible eruption? The persons responsible for the safety of the railways, the pier, the barges, and the storage in warehouses of the enormous amount of explosives on or about Black Tom dock are struggling each to prove himself guiltless. Meanwhile the public is asking whether existing laws for protection against explosives are inadequate or whether they were flagrantly violated. Investigations, municipal, State, and National, are under way. Arrests have been made of the president of the lighterage company, whose barge (No. 24) was left, it is asserted, in contact with Black Tom pier, contrary to law; of the superintendent of the National Docks and Storage Company, in whose warehouse vast amounts of munitions were stored; of the railway agent in charge of the dock; and the arrest of the presidents of the Lehigh Valley and Jersey Central Railways is expected as we write. It has been stated that a fire alarm was sent out from the pier over an hour before the first explosion, but whether fire started on the pier itself, on loaded cars, or on a loaded barge is in dispute. No proof of incendiarism has been produced, but the president of the lighterage company is quoted in newspapers as saying that there have been numerous previous fires of an incendiary origin in that yard, and that the fire began on the freight cars.

Whatever the exact cause or the exact law, the nature and extent of the explosions prove that the terminal has been a frightful menace. Jersey City, as has been said, is a city living in the midst of an arsenal; New York, the North River, its shipping, and the islands near by are constantly exposed to a potential volcano. It seems evident that as city, State, and inter-State questions are involved, there should be intelligent co-operation in the work of protection. How long should loaded munition cars be allowed to stand at the terminal unloaded; how many cars may be on the pier at once; just how should explosives and loaded shells be transferred from train to barge, and barge to ship; how shall the pier be protected; how much explosive material be allowed in one storehouse; and how far away from other buildings must the storehouse be? These are some of the questions that must be considered and answered—and that quickly. Regulations and rules do exist already, but that they are inadequate or un-

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enforced needs no proof other than the events of that Sunday morning.

THE STREET RAILWAY STRIKE IN NEW YORK

One might almost write the history of any city's street railway strike by repeating the story of former strikes of the kind in other large cities. New York's strike in the Bronx and on the Third Avenue line has not as we write reached the proportions of the famous strikes of years ago in Brooklyn and Philadelphia, and may be settled without rioting or widespread public injury. But the early stages are much the same: demands of the men (usually, and in this case almost solely, for union recognition), refusal by the company, futile attempts at arbitration, the hiring of professional strike-breakers to take the strikers' places, the breaking of car windows, policemen sent to guard the cars, and, if the altercation goes on, street rioting and the calling out of the militia. The cure for all this needless industrial war is easy to see but hard to get. It was well stated in broad lines by Mr. Henry Moskowitz in a recent article in The Outlook as follows:

> The primitive way of settling disputes between employers and employees is by some kind of struggle in which one side tries to enforce its will on the other. A great advance over that method is the method of arbitration, but in most cases arbitration is simply a compromise between the demands of the two sides. . . . The next step will be the creation of machinery for ascertaining the facts in each industry. The machinery will be constantly at work collecting and recording the facts about the ever-changing conditions. Based on these facts, standards could be determined. . . . Under the operation of State and Federal wage boards a commission should be automatically created whenever a dispute arises in any industry, and that commission, utilizing the facts already ascertained, will then be enabled, after hearing arguments from both sides, to apply the standards to the particular case in controversy with real understanding of the needs of an industry from the view-point of both sides. When the decision is reached, it will have the authority of neutrally gathered facts and be backed by the sovereignty of civilized law.

This applies to car strikes as well as to cloak strikes, such as that which still continues in New York despite the tentative "settlement" described in the last issue of The Outlook. The legal right of employees to organize is indisputable; the moral justice of organization as the only way of dealing on fair terms with employers is clear. But unions may be used to oppress non-union men, and so-called "open shops" may be used by employers to kill labor organizations. Hence the need of such authoritative dealing with industrial troubles as is above advocated. It might be perfectly right, for instance, to forbid by law employees of public utilities, such as street-car lines, to strike without notice given a reasonable time beforehand; but it would be totally wrong to pass such a law without adequate provision for the full consideration of the employees' demands, and the enforced grant of those demands, if they are right and are fair to all three parties concerned—employers, employees, and the public.

THE BOSTON LICENSING BOARD CONTROVERSY

Robert A. Woods is one of the most public-spirited citizens of Boston. For many years he has been the head of the South End House, one of the pioneer social settlements of this country. He has been serving on the Licensing Board of the city of Boston. His experience of close contact with many sorts of people and acquaintance at first hand with the consequences of intemperance and the power of the liquor trade equipped him for this service. There are those who believe that in a city like Boston it is a disqualification to serve on a licensing board for a man to be a student of the liquor problem and an opponent of the evils of drunkenness. There is no question that Mr. Woods encountered the opposition of low-grade hotels and people who supply them with beer and hold mortgages upon them. He also encountered the opposition of some respectable dwellers of the suburbs. When Mr. Woods's term of office expired, he was not reappointed by Governor McCall. In his place was put a man whose associations do not warrant the belief that he will be any such opponent of the liquor evil as Mr. Woods has proved to be.

One of the occasions for the dropping of Mr. Woods from the Licensing Board appears to have been a controversy about the granting of licenses to two of the largest and best hotels in the city of Boston for so-called afternoon tea, for which admission of a dollar was charged, and which included the privilege of dancing. In this case, however, the two hotels held licenses received from the Mayor of Boston to use their ball-rooms as public halls. The matter was

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finally adjusted when the hotels agreed to certain limitations. The Board was able to insist upon these limitations because it had the power to renew or withhold the hotels' liquor license at the beginning of the next license year. It has thus followed the policy of making suggestions and issuing "requests" which are in the way of letting the licensee know what kind of conduct on his part will be likely to make him eligible for a renewal of his license.

It was by following this policy that the Board was able to eliminate some glaring evils; and in this it had the co-operation of some of the hotel-keepers.

Certain attorneys for hotels, including immoral hotels, have declared, however, that this policy was arbitrary and beyond the law.

In addition, the Board felt that it was unjust to put all the licensed places in the poorer quarters and keep them away from the regions occupied by the rich and influential. As a consequence the Board, and particularly Mr. Woods, incurred the hostility of certain suburban dwellers.

The Licensing Board controversy is the old one between those who fear to trust a large degree of administrative power to public officials and those who believe that in the exercise of such power lies the only possibility for just and efficient government in a democracy. In such a controversy selfish interests, whether of unscrupulous men or of perfectly honest people who are satisfied with conditions as they are, tend to unite to limit administrative power. In this case, the position taken by Mr. Woods is the only one that will lead to efficiency and self-government. The dropping of Mr. Woods from the Board means, therefore, not only the loss of a useful public servant on the Licensing Board of Boston, but a backward step in American municipal government.

NEW YORK'S ZONING LAW

New York City has recently taken one of the most progressive and forward-looking steps for the protection of its future development that has been made by any American city. The vast property values affected by New York's new law, and its far-reaching possibilities, not only from the standpoint of the financial interests involved, but from the social standpoint as well, make the step which has been taken worthy both of record and of the highest commendation.

In short, New York City has now districted its great area, determining definitely both the kind and height of buildings which can be constructed throughout the city in the future. This new law creates residence districts from which all kinds of business and industry are excluded; it creates business districts in which both residence and business uses are permitted, but in which industrial uses are prohibited entirely or limited as to the percentage for space which they may occupy in any given building. It creates unrestricted districts for which no restrictions or regulations as to use are provided. It is assumed that the development in these regions will be largely industrial. There are, furthermore, certain undetermined tracts differing from those unrestricted areas in that it is expected that when their appropriate use is more fully disclosed it may seem wise to restrict them in part to business or residence use.

Not only does the law look forward to the time when the city will have become an orderly system of construction units within each of which property values will be protected and social values conserved, but it also definitely provides for the conservation of those two most vital elements of life, light and air.

No longer may a sky-scraper be erected without regard for its environment and its neighbor buildings. The new law provides for five classes of height districts, limiting the height of the building at the street line to a varying multiple of the street width. The multiple of street width rule, however, limits the height of a building at the street line only. Above this limit a building may be carried higher provided that such extended portion is set back from the street in a prescribed ratio. The present tenement-house law of New York already limits construction in this particular class of buildings to a height of one and one-half times the city street width, so that the new law is in this respect an extension of an old principle rather than the creation of a new one.

The enforcement of this law is vested in the Superintendent of Buildings in each borough, the Fire Commissioner, and the Tenement-House Commissioner, under the rules and regulations of the Board of Standards and Appeals. In detail its provisions represent a careful and exhaustive study of New York conditions begun by a committee appointed by the Board of Estimate early in 1913. This committee made its report in June, 1914, whereupon the present Commission on Build-

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ing Districts was appointed. The resolutions of this Commission were accepted practically *in toto* by the Board of Estimate in its passage of the new zoning law.

VICTOR CHAPMAN

It is worth while to have lived, if one may win a eulogy from those ripe in years and in wisdom. There are those who, though dying young, still obtain such eulogy. In the latest number of the Paris "Temps" to reach us we find the virtues of the young American aviator Victor Chapman, recently killed while fighting for the French, immortalized by Émile Boutroux, the most venerated philosopher in France.

Every day, M. Boutroux affirms, France receives from America some testimony of the sympathy with which Americans follow the fortunes of the Entente Allies, and, in especial, the fortunes of France. But the most touching of all witnesses to our sympathy is the going to France of some of our own young men to fight in the ranks of the French army.

Such a one was Victor Chapman. When the war broke out, he was in Paris, a student of architecture. He immediately entered the Foreign Legion, and chose the section of the mitrailleuses. He passed the winter of 1914–15 on the Somme, where he took part in several attacks. In the spring of 1915 he begged to be allowed to enter the aviation service. Some Harvard and Yale graduates, wishing to organize an American squadron, had gone to France, where they took courses in aviation. Among these men came Victor Chapman, after due apprenticeship. M. Boutroux, who knew him, speaks of how he impressed every one: "He was charming in his simplicity and good nature. As I complimented him on his French: 'Oh,' he said, 'my French is only the French of the *poilu*. I do not understand all the words that I say, and I am not sure that all are in good usage, but I talk naturally as my comrades do.'" It was impossible, asserts the French observer, to unite more young and tranquil gayety, more sweetness, more limpidity of sentiment, to more elevated thought, decision, energy, character.

Victor Chapman had the military spirit in its highest degree, declares M. Boutroux, "He was duty incarnate; disdaining all danger, he dreamed only of doing his utmost in a useful task. He was intrepid in the extreme, and through all the violent nervous tension which his expeditions caused he kept a calm spirit and an absolute presence of mind."

After describing these events and the tragic end, M. Boutroux concludes:

> Such is the devotion, such the elevation of view, such the simple and true grandeur of which the American soul is capable. Such is the esteem, such the profound and enthusiastic love, which France inspires in men who are the honor of humanity. What effort of ours can recompense such testimony given by such witnesses? No, the great interpreters of the human conscience were not wrong; to die rather than to betray the cause of right and justice is not to die; it is to immortalize one's self. Nor does that mean to live in posterity's imagination only; it means to bequeath the seed of faith and virtue, which, sooner or later, will assure the triumph of the good. Amen.

The words of this French philosopher are welcome not only because they praise an American, but also because they will serve to let the people of our sister republic of France know that in the keeping of such men as Victor Chapman is the real soul of America.

RAMABAI

One of the world's remarkable women is the Pandita (learned Hindu scholar) Ramabai. Her institution for the Christian education of Hindu child widows rescued from horrible degradation and suffering has been for years the nucleus and heart of Mukti (salvation), a village of two thousand child widows and orphan girls, mothered by her and her noble daughter, Mano-ramabai. Here they learn many arts and crafts, domestic and industrial, and the practice of pure religion. Ramabai holds four hundred acres, employs eighty oxen, raises food for Mukti, is her own architect, runs a printing establishment, sends her pupils to instruct the peasant women and children of the vicinity, and is preparing a new version of the Bible for them in their dialect. Other high-caste Hindu women have been stimulated by her work for child widows to similar enterprises. A visitor from Rhode Island gives a fascinating account of Mukti in the recent report of the American Ramabai Association, of which Professor Harlan P. Beach, of Yale, is President, and Dr. Lyman Abbott Vice-President. Those who are interested to learn more about this beneficent work can write for a copy of the report to Mrs. S. W. Lee-Mortimer, 170 Huntington Avenue, Boston.

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THE APPAM AND CAPTAIN FRYATT

Some of the most momentous events of this war have occurred far away from the sound of artillery and have worn the guise of minor incidents. Such were the award of the captured British steamship Appam to her British owners and the execution, after sentence by a German court martial, of the master of a British merchant vessel. At first thought, perhaps, the question as to the ownership of a single steamship compared with the destruction of many hundreds of merchantmen seems of little consequence; and the execution of one man compared with the slaughter of thousands each week on the battlefield and in the trenches seems not to call for comment. The future welfare of the world, however, depends not so much on what is done as on what is sanctioned. Barbarism of itself bears no menace to the world, for it can be overcome and outgrown; but when civilization adopts the methods of barbarism and endows them with the authority of law, not only is the present happiness of mankind impaired, but mankind's moral standards, slowly acquired through the ages, are imperiled.

It is because the case of the Appam and the case of Captain Fryatt portend evil for the future of the world that they stand out with sinister distinctness against the smoke-laden, bloody, ruined background of this war.

In the case of the Appam a significant part is played by an American court. The Appam is a British steamship which was captured by a German converted cruiser, put into the charge of a German prize crew, and taken into the American port of Norfolk, Virginia, without convoy.

The contention of the British owners of this vessel was that as soon as she reached a neutral port she reverted to them, and that the German captors of her were, under international law, obliged to relinquish possession. A suit was consequently brought in a United States court. Meantime, a German prize court decided that she was a lawful prize. In support of the German contention there has been cited a provision of the Treaty of 1799, revised in 1828, between the United States and Prussia, which allows "the vessels of war . . . of both parties" to "carry freely, wheresoever they please, the vessels and effects taken from their enemies," and that such prizes shall not be "arrested, searched, or put under legal process when they come to and enter the ports of the other party." The Federal District Court, before which the Appam case was heard, has decided that, since the Appam was not brought in by a German war-vessel, the manner in which she was brought in is a violation of the neutrality of the United States and that she is here in violation of the law, and that therefore, irrespective of the prize court proceedings in Germany, the original owners of the Appam are entitled to the restitution of their property. The Court decides, moreover, that under the treaty with Prussia, in the light of present methods of warfare and development of international law affecting the neutrality of nations, "prizes cannot be brought into the waters of the United States for the purpose of laying up by a prize master, but can only be brought in by a capturing vessel herself or a war-vessel acting as convoy to such prize, and then not for an indefinite period, but for the temporary causes recognized by international law."

It is most unfortunate that the Court felt it necessary to reach this decision; for as long as it stands (as it will stand unless reversed by the United States Supreme Court), it will tend to prevent the preservation of merchant vessels captured at sea and to encourage the only alternative—their destruction. There are only four things that a war-vessel can do with a captured merchant ship: take her to a home port, convoy her to a neutral port, send her to a neutral port in charge of a prize crew, or destroy her. Inasmuch as the German ports are very effectually blockaded, German war-vessels cannot take their prizes to German ports. Inasmuch as British cruisers roam the seas, it is too hazardous for a German raider to accompany a prize to a neutral port. Now this American Court rule makes it useless for a German raider to send a prize to a neutral port under a prize crew. By a process of elimination, therefore, this Court's decision encourages the destruction of merchant vessels at sea.

Such a decision helps to thwart the very objects of international law in time of war. Those objects are to minimize needless destruction of life, and to preserve, as far as possible, the instrumentalities of commerce. A large view of the principles of law, and particularly of international law, would resolve any doubts into a decision for the preservation of life and the preservation of commerce.

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As it stands, this decision may serve as an occasion for the renewal of the only form of war upon the enemy's sea trade now left open to Germany—war by submarine, with all its attendant destruction of life and property.

Though this decision encourages submarine warfare of the German type, it does not justify it; for such warfare is piracy. And in this lies the significance of that other case to which we have referred—the case of Captain Fryatt. As master of a British merchantman he knew very well the history of German submarine warfare, with its attacks without warning and its murderous drowning of women and children and other non-combatants. When, therefore, his vessel was approached by a German submarine, he did what he was entitled to do by all the laws of warfare, and doubly entitled to do by the moral status of German submarines as established by themselves. He attempted to ram that submarine. Captured by the Germans, he was subjected to court martial, and was hastily executed as a pirate himself, or, as the Germans put it, a *franc-tireur* of the sea.

It is recognized by every civilized nation that a merchant vessel has the right, without losing her status as a merchant vessel, to resist attack. The penalty for such resistance is destruction, but it is not punishment as a pirate. In attempting to ram the German submarine Captain Fryatt was exercising his rights as a merchant captain. But more than that. He was acting within his rights as a civilized human being. Any one is entitled to destroy a pirate on sight, and whoever does so, so far from putting himself into the category of piracy, is an agent of civilization. The fact that German submarines are commissioned by the German Government does not free them from the stigma of piracy; it rather places the stigma of piracy upon the German Government that sanctions their action.

There is not a naval vessel or a merchant vessel on the seas, whether belonging to a belligerent or a neutral Power, whether British or Brazilian, Japanese or American, that would not be justified in destroying a German naval submarine on sight. In executing Captain Fryatt Germany has sanctioned anew this piratical submarine warfare against which the United States, as the greatest of neutral nations, to her shame, has taken no action, and from which the United States herself, uttering only words of protest, has suffered.

Taken together, the Appam case and the case of Captain Fryatt reflect no credit on the United States, and bode ill for the future of humanity. From the policy of frightfulness which these two incidents tend to support the world can be delivered only by the conclusive defeat of the Power that has deliberately resorted to frightfulness as a mode of disseminating its *Kultur*.

RAILWAY REGULATION

The people at large have apparently paid very little attention to the fact that the organized railway employees of the country are now in the process of taking a vote by ballot as to whether or not there shall be a general railway strike throughout the country. The fatal interruption to social and industrial life which such a strike would cause is almost too terrible to contemplate. Nevertheless it is being seriously considered by a large army of the most intelligent industrial employees of the country. At such a time it is wise to consider respectfully any reasonable suggestion looking towards the solution of our railway problems. No suggestion should be pooh-poohed simply because it is novel and original.

We have continually and persistently stated our belief in these pages that if government regulation of railways proves to be a failure, either through the inefficiency of the legislative branch of the government or the obstinacy of railway reactionaries or the indifference of the people at large, government ownership will inevitably be forced upon the country. There are only two ways of dealing with the problem, either through government regulation or through government ownership. Even the best friends of the policy of government regulation are compelled to admit that the present methods of regulation pursued in this country are cumbersome, irritating, and inefficient. We have forty-nine kinds of government regulation: one administered by the Federal Government and one administered by each of the forty-eight States. This inevitably produces confusion and injustice. It actually happens to-day that what a railway company is forbidden to do in one State it is forbidden to leave undone in an adjoining State. The seriousness of the situation is indicated by the fact that, under the direct suggestion of President Wilson, a Congressional Commission has been appointed to investigate the whole subject of railway management and the relation of the railways to the Government.

We hope this Commission will give earnest

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consideration to a proposal made by Mr. William W. Cook, of the New York bar. Mr. Cook is General Counsel of the Postal Telegraph and Cable Company, and has therefore had practical experience with corporation problems and corporation administration. His suggestions with regard to railway regulation cannot, therefore, be turned down as those of a visionary theorist.

His proposal is suggested by the analogy of the National Railway Problem to that of the National Banking Problem, and the analogue of his novel railway plan is found in the recent establishment of a Federal Reserve Board, which has for the last two years been regulating the banking currency and the financial transactions of the country with more than expected success.

Mr. Cook proposes that Congress shall enact a general incorporating act for railways, and that all railways taking out a charter under this act shall be exempt from State regulation. He further proposes that the country shall be divided into railway zones, each zone to have a Federal railway company that shall obtain by condemnation or purchase the stock control of all railways within the zone of its jurisdiction. The United States Government is to guarantee three per cent dividends on the stock of these Federal railway companies, and to permit an extra three per cent to be paid if earned. All earnings over six per cent are to go to the National Government. Under this plan there would be created a Federal railway board of five members, to be appointed by the President of the United States by and with the advice and consent of the Senate. This Federal railway board would take the place of the Inter-State Commerce Commission in fixing and determining all inter-State railway rates and service. Mr. Cook has published in the New York "Sun" the draft which he has made of a bill to put this plan into effect.

Mr. Cook's proposal is unusually interesting, and, as we have said, deserves careful consideration. There are some aspects of it, however, on which we should be glad to have further enlightenment. Under this plan how does Mr. Cook propose to preserve private initiative acting under the stimulus of private profit? It is private initiative and private profit which distinguish at present our railway systems from the State-owned systems of Germany, France, or Australasia. No doubt the desire for private gain has led to much corruption and many injustices in the past history of railway development in this country, but the proper ambitions of individual genius and the natural desire for private gain have also been perhaps the greatest factors in the construction and maintenance of our gigantic railway development.

It may be that some time in the future we shall have to come to Government ownership and operation, and shall have to do the best we can with the very manifest dangers of bureaucracy and red tape. But is there no way that we as a public can avail ourselves of the unquestioned benefits of such private genius as that manifested by Mr. James J. Hill or Mr. E. H. Harriman, and at the same time avoid the evils of unfettered individualism by some just system of regulation? We wish Mr. Cook would tell us how, under his plan, provision is made for the conceptions and construction of some future Great Northern Railway or some as yet undreamed-of Lucin Cut-Off.

WHY WAR?[1]

There are three answers given to the question, Why war?

Bernhardi's book has made us familiar with the first answer. War is a biological and moral necessity. Humanity is under the inexorable law, Struggle for existence, survival of the fittest. Progress would be impossible without war; it tests the nations and determines which are fit to survive. Moral progress also would be impossible; for without war the great virtues of courage and self-sacrifice could not be cultivated.

Dr. George Nasmyth controverts this philosophy, quotes Darwin to show that Darwin himself repudiates this application of his law, points out the difference between man's struggle with nature to promote life and man's struggle with his fellow-man to destroy life, concludes that all war is wrong, and maintains as the cure for war and the goal of social evolution "the federation of the entire human race."

Dr. Howe sees only one cause for war—what he calls "economic interests," what we should call greed or covetousness: "It is the

[1] Social Progress and the Darwinian Theory. By George Nasmyth, Ph.D. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.
Why War? By Frederic C. Howe, Ph.D., LL.D. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.
The Things Men Fight For. By H. H. Powers, Ph.D. The Macmillan Company, New York.
War, Science, and Civilization. By William E. Ritter. Sherman, French & Co., Boston, Massachusetts.

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struggle of high finance bent on the exploitation of weaker peoples that has turned Europe into a human slaughter-house and arrayed four hundred million peaceful people against one another in a death struggle." The enemy of the human race, according to Dr. Howe, is the capitalistic class, which creates militarism and produces wars, partly to find a use for its surplus capital, partly to sell munitions of war to the fighting nations.

Professor Powers takes a much broader and, in our judgment, more rational view of the causes of war. Commercial greed, political ambition, need of territory for surplus population, natural desire for self-expansion, self-defense from the real or imagined aggressions of a neighbor, a narrow patriotism inspiring a nation to impose its own ideals on another people, are the chief causes he mentions. The greatest value of his book is in his successful endeavor to put himself in the place of the warring Powers and interpret sympathetically the point of view of each one of them as it would be interpreted by its own advocate. To him the problem of war is far more complicated than to either Dr. Nasmyth or Dr. Howe, and his only hope of peace is an ultimate international unity, which probably can be brought about only by war, as the federation of the American colonies was brought about by their war with Great Britain.

Dr. Ritter finds as a chief cause of war the demand for a better distribution of population required by the necessity for a better distribution of subsistence, and hopes for some peaceable method "whereby national sovereignty over portions of territory might, under certain circumstances, be transferred to other governments."

With this brief reference to these suggestive volumes, we take them as a text for our own answer to the question, Why war?

We are apt to think of peace as the normal condition of life and war only as an occasional tragedy. In fact, life is a long campaign from the cradle to the grave. Every one of us is born upon a battlefield. Life and death contested for victory in the mother who gave us birth. In our bodies were from the beginning warriors—germs of disease and germs of health—and all through life they have fought within us, with the certainty that eventually death would win the victory. Our sustenance has been won from nature by a hard-fought battle. Douglas Jerrold coined the phrase, "Tickle the earth with a hoe and it will laugh with a harvest." But whoever has tickled the earth with a hoe has found it a contest with hostile powers. He has to contend with thorns and thistles, droughts and floods, bugs and birds, winter frosts and summer heats. As our food, so our education is won by battle. In vain does the teacher endeavor to make learning an easy and agreeable task. Agreeable it may be, but never easy. For the object of education is not to pour a certain amount of learning into an empty mind, but to develop a certain amount of intellectual muscle in an undeveloped mind. Power, not knowledge, is the end of education, and power comes only through struggle. Nor does virtue come in any other way. Mothers sometimes wish to preserve the innocence of their children. Foolish mother! You are to transform innocence into virtue, and virtue comes only by battle with and triumph over temptation. There are few saints so saintly and few sinners so sinful that they do not know the experience of the Apostle Paul: "The good that I would I do not; but the evil which I would not, that I do."

This battle inherent in every man is transferred to society. As the evil in each man battles against the good in each man, so collective groups of evil men battle against all the better forces in good men. The battle is confused and ofttimes perplexing, because no evil men are wholly evil and no good men are wholly good. But the battle is not, on that account, the less real. Jesus called his followers to preach glad tidings to the poor, deliverance to the captives, and liberty to those that are bruised by oppression. No man can respond to this call and undertake this task without finding himself engaged in bitter warfare. He will find men of wealth, intelligence, political power, and at least conventional virtue interested in maintaining institutions which keep people poor. He will find, as Mr. Osborne has found, rings of influential men, supported by the forces of moral inertia miscalled conservatism, opposed to any effective measures for the better treatment of prisoners. He will find governments armed and equipped with money and with guns, prepared at every cost to keep in subjection those that are bruised by oppression. At times he will find strong forces within the state determined to maintain oppression, forces whose power can be broken only by civil war. At other times he will find a nation so controlled or so obsessed by the spirit of oppression that the liberty of other

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nations can be maintained only by an international war. In such cases the resultant war will be both just and unjust—unjust on the part of those fighting to maintain the conditions which create poverty, deny hope of recovery to the prisoners, forbid liberty to the oppressed; just on the part of those who are fighting to cure poverty by a juster distribution of wealth, to give hope of recovery and a better life to the prisoners, to bring justice and liberty to the oppressed. War may be an armed conflict between groups of men each inspired by the base passions of greed, ambition, or revenge. It is then one of the most terrible manifestations which life affords of the nature and consequences of unbridled human passions. But it may be an armed conflict between the forces of evil and good, vice and virtue, malignancy and love. Then it is at once a manifestation of the basest and the noblest side of human nature. To whelm in a common condemnation the invading army of the Duke of Alva and the brave defenders of religious liberty, the cowardly and cruel King of Naples and the heroic Garibaldi, the hireling Hessians and the patriotic colonists, is possible only if we allow our horror at physical pain and wholesale death to blind us to moral distinctions. Whenever avarice and ambition arm to rob men of their rights, humanity and patriotism may well arm for defense against the robbers. In such an hour piety may well offer to the Judge of all the earth John Hay's prayer:

> "Wherever man oppresses man
> Beneath the liberal sun,
> O Lord, be there thine arm made bare,
> Thy righteous will be done."

And whatever we may rightfully ask God to do for us we may rightfully do for ourselves and for our fellow-men.

Apply this fundamental principle to present conditions. If the Allies are fighting to destroy Germany because they are jealous of her prosperity, they are fighting an unjust war; if they are fighting to defend the democratic peoples of Europe from the military domination of a nation which regards itself as divinely commissioned to impose its ideas and ideals on other peoples, they are fighting a just war. If we should fight Mexico in order that we may possess ourselves of her territory or, leaving it under nominal Mexican control, that we may make its natural resources minister to our wealth, we should be planning to fight an unjust war; if we are going into Mexico to protect it from anarchy and to help it secure for itself a stable government which will make life and property safe and industry possible, if war results, it will be a just war.

MR. HUGHES STATES THE ISSUES

IN Carnegie Hall, New York, on July 31, ex-Justice Hughes formally accepted the nomination of the Republican party. It was an interesting occasion, for the great gathering which packed Carnegie Hall on the sweltering evening of the ceremony typified in more ways than one the real union of the Republican and Progressive parties for the common purpose of placing the international relations of the United States upon a sound and secure footing. In a box at the back of the hall was seated Mr. Roosevelt, and the ovation which he received fully equaled in intensity and duration that given to the party nominee. Striking tribute was paid to the man who made the nomination of Hughes possible and who was directly responsible for placing before the people of the country the larger issues upon which the campaign must be fought, not only when Mr. Roosevelt entered his box, but even during the progress of Mr. Hughes's speech. When Mr. Hughes said that the Administration had changed its attitude towards preparedness "under the pressure of other leadership," the applause that swept over the hall was very obviously directed at the box in the rear in which Mr. Roosevelt sat.

Mr. Hughes's speech of acceptance was necessarily long, for it touched upon practically every event of National importance during the past three years. It was delivered effectively and with a vigor and sincerity which made it carry to the farthest limits of the assemblage. As a syllabus of the case of the American people against the present Administration it was a remarkably able document, and one from which a far-reach-

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ing plan of political attack can be readily developed.

Mr. Hughes began by a definition of Americanism and a statement as to his own understanding of the term. In answering his own question as to the meaning of Americanism, Mr. Hughes said:

I mean America conscious of power, awake to obligation, erect in self-respect, prepared for every emergency, devoted to the ideals of peace, instinct with the spirit of human brotherhood, safeguarding both individual opportunity and the public interest, maintaining a well-ordered constitutional system adapted to local self-government without the sacrifice of essential National authority, appreciating the necessity of stability, expert knowledge, and thorough organization as the indispensable conditions of security and progress; a country loved by its citizens with a patriotic fervor permitting no division in their allegiance and no rivals in their affection—I mean America first and America efficient.

From this admirable definition of Americanism Mr. Hughes passed to an analysis of the present Administration's attitude towards the all-important question of our diplomatic service. He attacked the action of the Administration towards the Republic of Santo Domingo as a trust "shockingly betrayed in order to satisfy 'deserving Democrats.'" He attacked the Administration for yielding National interests to partisan expediency in the supplanting of Ambassador Herrick by a Democratic Ambassador during the progress of the world war. Passing from our diplomatic service to the pressing situation in Mexico, Mr. Hughes said:

The dealings of the Administration with Mexico constitute a confused chapter of blunders. We have not helped Mexico. She lies prostrate, impoverished, famine-stricken, overwhelmed with the woes and outrages of internecine strife, the helpless victim of a condition of anarchy which the course of the Administration only served to promote. For ourselves, we have witnessed the murder of our citizens and the destruction of their property. We have made enemies, not friends. Instead of commanding respect and deserving good will by sincerity, firmness, and consistency, we provoked misapprehension and deep resentment.

In the light of the conduct of the Administration no one could understand its professions. Decrying interference, we interfered most exasperatingly. We have not even kept out of actual conflict, and the soil of Mexico is stained with the blood of our soldiers. We have resorted to physical invasion, only to retire without gaining the professed object. It is a record which cannot be examined without a profound sense of humiliation.

This general indictment he particularized in regard to the mission of John Lind, whom he effectively described as "lingering irritatively," the capture and evacuation of Vera Cruz, the Tampico incident, the relations with Carranza and Villa, and the battle of Carrizal. As to our future policy towards Mexico, Mr. Hughes said:

The Nation has no policy of aggression towards Mexico. We have no desire for any part of her territory. We wish her to have peace, stability, and prosperity. We should be ready to aid her in binding up her wounds, in relieving her from starvation and distress, and in giving her in every practical way the benefits of our disinterested friendship. The conduct of this Administration has created difficulties which we shall have to surmount. We shall have to overcome the antipathy needlessly created by that conduct, and to develop genuine respect and confidence. We shall have to adopt a new policy, a policy of firmness and consistency, through which alone we can promote an enduring friendship.

In briefer form than his treatment of the Mexican question, Mr. Hughes touched upon our relations with both Germany and England. His most direct and definite reference to the submarine question was contained in the following sentence:

Had this Government, by the use of both informal and formal diplomatic opportunities, left no doubt that when we said "strict accountability" we meant precisely what we said, and that we should unhesitatingly vindicate that position, I am confident that there would have been no destruction of American lives by the sinking of the Lusitania.

His allusion to the controversy with England was even less specific, though he took care to point out that he regarded questions of property as something on a very different footing from questions of life and death.

Without mentioning by name the chief offender against the United States, he continued his address by denouncing all plots and conspiracies in the interest of any foreign nation in this vigorous phrase: "Utterly intolerable is the use of our soil for alien intrigues."

Preparedness next came in for his attention, and with it the reference to Mr. Roosevelt to which we have already referred.

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Mr. Hughes said emphatically, not only that he believed that there should be an increase in the regular army, but "that the first citizen reserve subject to call should be enlisted as a Federal army and trained under Federal authority."

The remainder of the speech of acceptance was devoted to a discussion of the duty of the United States to assume its proportionate share of the work of building up a world court at the conclusion of the present war, and to the discussion of purely domestic questions of importance. He pointed out the distressing conditions of labor under the Administration prior to the outbreak of the European war, affirming his belief in the necessity for a scientific protective tariff and the need of encouraging commerce, industry, and shipping. In this last connection he condemned the attempt to put a Government-owned merchant marine into competition with private ships. He expressed his belief in the necessity of an adequate Federal Workmen's Compensation Law, an effective system of rural credits, and the conservation of our National resources. He emphatically declared his belief in the right of women to vote. In his speech at Carnegie Hall he confined his statement on this point to the special recommendations in the Republican platform, but in a later interview he came out whole-heartedly for an amendment to the Federal Constitution granting the vote to women throughout the country. He concluded his speech with a plea for the upholding of the civil service laws, and with a solemn pledge of his devotion to American ideals.

As we have said once before, Mr. Hughes's speech of acceptance constituted an admirable syllabus of his campaign against the Administration.

If Mr. Hughes's campaign is developed along the lines laid down in his speech of acceptance, he will necessarily enter upon a campaign of education in National issues such as the country has not had since 1896. Indeed, his task is greater than that of those who fought out the question of free silver or sound money, for the necessities of the case force him to treat questions with which the average American has in the past been largely unfamiliar. The question of free silver was one which touched closely and obviously every business man in the country. The question of National obligations in international relations, while the most absorbingly interesting subject in the whole domain of politics, is one (so far as the average voter is concerned) of generalities and distant abstractions rather than of concrete and tangible definitions.

Naturally, in approaching such a question Mr. Hughes has laid his first emphasis upon the issue which has been brought home more closely than any other to the whole of the United States. We refer to the Mexican policy of President Wilson.

If Mr. Hughes succeeds in bringing home the follies and inconsistencies of the Mexican situation to the average voter, he will have done much, but he will have accomplished only part of the duty which lies before him. There are questions of larger importance to the future of America than our relations with Mexico.

We believe, from what he has already said, that had Mr. Hughes been confronted with the diplomatic problems arising from the invasion of Belgium or the sinking of the Lusitania, he would have met these problems openly and with courageous decisiveness. The task still before Mr. Hughes is not only to show wherein President Wilson failed, but how he might have succeeded. It is to demonstrate the manner in which the principles which would have safeguarded our honor and security in the past can be applied successfully to the future. It is to rouse the people of the farms and factory towns and homes of the Nation to discuss international duties as they discuss their own family affairs, and to lead them to see that the duties of this Nation should be on their individual consciences.

For this campaign to educate the voters throughout the Nation in the fundamental truths demonstrated by the history of the last three years there is but a scant three months remaining before the election in November. There is little time to be lost.

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THE DANISH WEST INDIES

THE Monroe Doctrine is a far-reaching institution. The United States established it to prevent an increase of European sovereignty in this hemisphere. The logical consequence is that when a European Power wishes to sell any of its property in this hemisphere we should be ready to buy.

Suppose England offered to sell British Honduras, or Trinidad, or Jamaica, or the Bahamas. Suppose France offered to sell Guadeloupe or Martinique. Suppose Holland offered to sell Curaçao. We could not let these possessions fall into the hands of Spain or Germany or Russia without abandoning the Monroe Doctrine. Unless some other American republic obtained them we should have to stand ready to buy.

All of these possessions are in the northern part of this hemisphere or in the Caribbean Sea region. Perhaps, more appropriately, one of the South American republics would wish to absorb any of the European possessions farther south, if for sale—British, French, or Dutch Guiana, or Great Britain's strategic stronghold, the Falkland Islands. In this event we ought to be willing to aid that particular South American republic.

As a matter of fact, a European state, Denmark, has long wished to dispose of all its holdings in the Caribbean Sea. These consist of the three islands of St. Croix, St. Thomas, and St. John, all within sight of one another, and almost in sight of our island possession of Porto Rico. They lie at a point some twelve hundred miles away either from Charleston or the Panama Canal. Their total area covers about a hundred and forty square miles, and their total population is estimated at nearly thirty-five thousand.

This population is noteworthy because of the excellence of the blacks—a fact still more marked in Bermuda. This excellence, however, is very remarkable in the Danish West Indies because, unlike what exists in Bermuda and some other places, the whites number only about fifteen per cent of the total. The blacks have the same rights and privileges as the whites. Nowhere is the color line more obliterated. Intermarriage between the races is not unusual; it is even said that a clergyman never refuses to perform such a marriage ceremony. One reason for the prevailing intelligence is that education is compulsory; every child, white or black, must go to school between the ages of seven and thirteen.

Denmark has held these islands for centuries. Their climatic feature is notable: in winter the thermometer ranges from seventy to eighty degrees, and in summer from eighty to ninety. Contagious diseases are rare.

As an outward sign of authority Denmark has maintained an army on the islands of about two hundred and fifty men, volunteers recruited from the corps of veterans in the home country and sent to the West Indies for a term of six years. But the Danish group is practically autonomous. The executive power is in the hands of a Governor-General appointed by the King; the legislative power is vested in two Councils (one for each of the two political parts into which the group is divided), three-quarters of whose members are elected.

For a long time the islands have cost Denmark more than they have brought her in. Their agricultural relations are almost wholly with the United States, not with Denmark. The exports of sugar and hides and rum come here. As to the imports, though a few onions and other vegetables are raised on the islands, nearly all food supplies must come from this country—flour, bran, meal, salt, and provisions. All lumber also comes from the United States. With these intimate relations, though the official language of the islands is Danish and a Spanish dialect is spoken by the people generally, it is not surprising that in the ports every one speaks English.

The largest, most fertile, and most cultivated of the islands is St. Croix, or, as the natives call it, Santa Cruz. Its chief towns are Christiansted and Frederiksted, with a population of about a thousand apiece. Large quantities of sugar and rum are produced on this island. Unfortunately, there is no safe harbor there. This is in striking contrast to the island of St. Thomas, with its harbor of Charlotte Amalie, reputed to be the finest in the West Indies, and with accommodations for a great fleet. The harbor has a dry dock, immense coal wharves, and a marine railway. As the harbor is on an important trade route, its chief industry, as may be imagined, lies in the coaling of steamers, there being an average call at the port of one a day.

The town of Charlotte Amalie looks like other West Indian towns. The houses are one-story affairs of stone or wood, with tiled, flat roofs, so arranged that they shed the rain

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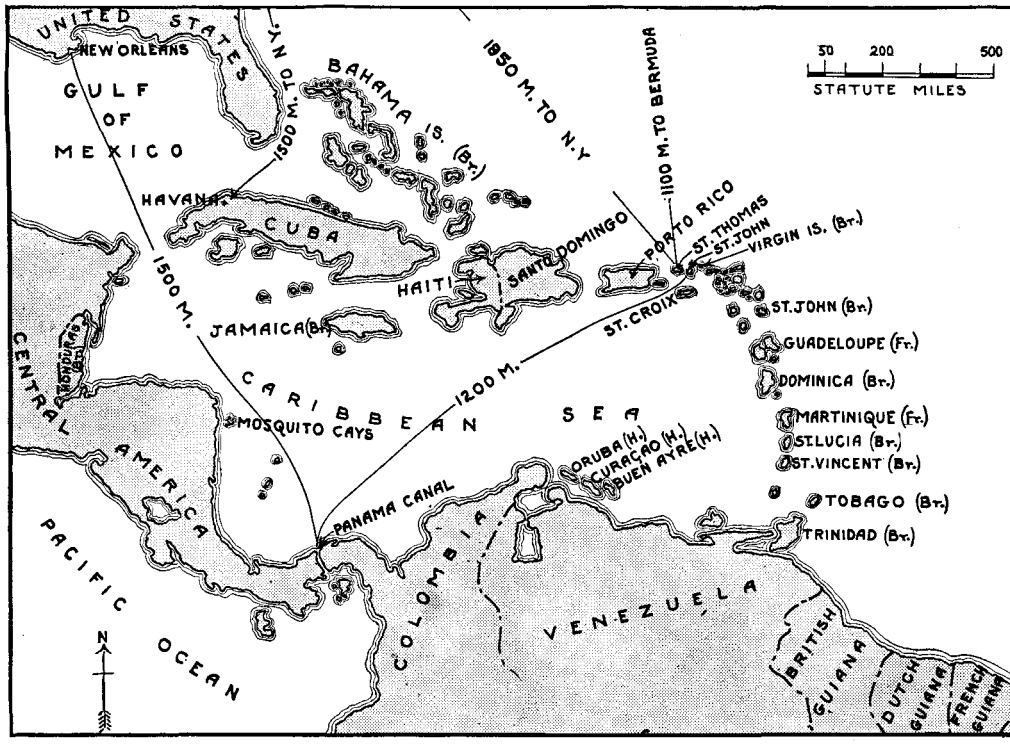

THE CARIBBEAN SEA AND CONTIGUOUS TERRITORIES

The map shows the situation of the Danish Islands in relation to the other West Indian Islands, the United States, Central and South America, and the Panama Canal

into cisterns, where it is kept for drinking purposes, there being no other water available.

The smallest of the islands is St. John. Its value lies in grazing and in the production of the bayberry leaf and berry, out of which a superior bay rum is made.

While the economic and commercial value of these islands to the United States is not at all vital, their strategic importance is; and that for three reasons:

1. The satisfactory settlement of the problem of mixed sovereignties in the West Indies. With the acquirement of the Danish islands, all lands this side of the Anegada Passage would be either independent, American, or British.

2. An end to the continual menace of German or other Great Power aggression, which the holding by a weak state of strategically located islands must ever invite.

3. A naval base in the West Indies better in all respects than ours at Guantanamo.

One of these reasons was evident a long time ago, and led to our first proposal to buy the islands. That was in 1867. The second proposal was in 1902. On the first occasion the upper house of our Congress frustrated the effort; on the second, the upper house of the Danish Parliament. The first failure was due largely to Charles Sumner, Chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, a bitter opponent of President Johnson and a political rival of Secretary Seward. The second failure was due, so it is believed, to German influence, Germany having long sought to acquire the islands, both for their strategic importance to her and also because she has no coaling station in the Western Hemisphere. In Denmark the action of the Landsthing, the upper house of the Danish Rigsdag or Parliament, was a disappointment as well as a surprise; for it had been regarded as inevitable that the upper house would follow the lead of the Folkething, or lower house, in ratifying the sale, the vote of the lower house representing the views and wishes of the great body of Danes on the question, and it being seldom that the higher chamber dared to go contrary to the country's expressed desire.

On the occasion of the first proposal for purchase, Secretary Seward and the Danish Minister agreed upon a price of $7,500,000

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for only two of the islands, St. Thomas and St. John, the third, St. Croix, being temporarily not in the market. On the second proposal of purchase the price registered a noteworthy drop. Secretary Hay and the Danish Minister agreed upon $5,000,000 for *all* the islands.

The price of $25,000,000, now reported as agreed upon, seems incredible. It is five times as much as that agreed upon fourteen years ago. During that period, however, so it is reported, the Danish Government granted a concession in St. Thomas which permitted the organization of a stock company and the selling of its stock to whosoever wished to buy. The report adds that the stock was bought largely by Germans; that the company's privileges will eventually operate to give Germany control of the harbor of Charlotte Amalie, while placing the responsibility for its protection upon the Danish Government; that, in the event of international complications, little Denmark would be unable to give such protection; and that the result of an attempt by Germany to protect the interests of her citizens in St. Thomas would result in an awkward situation both for Denmark and for the United States.

There is thus an increasing appreciation of such a possible complication. It was indicated by Senator Lodge in 1898 when he made a report upon the Danish islands, based on the resolution which he introduced urging their acquisition. Mr. Lodge wrote:

> The arguments in favor of the possession of the islands can be briefly stated; and appear to the undersigned to be unanswerable.

So long as these islands are in the market there is always the danger that some European Power may purchase or try to purchase them. This would be an infraction of the Monroe Doctrine, and would at once involve the United States with a very serious difficulty with the European Power which sought possession of the islands. In the interests of peace it is of great importance that these islands should pass into the hands of the United States, and cease to be a possible source of foreign complications which might easily lead to war.

While an increase of five times in the price to be paid for the islands would appear to be absurd, some increase is doubtless justifiable; this is due to our increasing appreciation of the value of the Danish West Indies as a part of our picket line against European aggression, and particularly as a Panama Canal protection.

But if we appreciate these things, so do certain European Powers; and who knows but that one of them, smarting under balked ambition elsewhere, may have suddenly offered to pay a huge price—on time. Fortunately, we can pay cash.

The purchase proposals for the transference of the Danish West Indies have provided that the islands should not be transferred until their inhabitants had voted approval. It is presumable that the present treaty bears such a provision. In any case, however, the possibility of an unfavorable expression of opinion by the islanders is considered very remote. They see, and have frequently said, that they would be better off under the United States Government than under any other.

NEW YORK'S SCHOOLS OF HOME-MAKING

"MY mother wants to know the name of the bedbug-killer, and she wants to know how to make the stove look black like yours?"

This naïve remark was addressed to the teacher of one of six home-making classes under the Association of Practical Housekeeping Centers in New York City by one of a score of little girls in the model flat for Italians on Thompson Street. It is typical of the questions asked by the more than twenty-five hundred girls from ten to fifteen years of age of the fifth to eighth grades in the public schools who study home-making in the six spick-and-span flats rented by the Association and in the three or four others conducted independently of the Association. From these girls, who are learning that home-making is as truly a skilled profession as any other, the mothers—yes, and the fathers—of these girls are learning to respect and to love the daily duties of housework.

The first model flat or housekeeping center in America was started fifteen years ago by Miss Mabel Hyde Kittredge, who is the President of the Association of Practical Housekeeping Centers to-day. Convinced that "home-making has not kept pace with our great industrial advancement," and that "the average home-maker of to-day is less thoroughly prepared for her business in life than the woman of a generation ago," largely

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because "the housekeeper to-day is, in more cases than we have any idea of, a wage-earner as well," and that therefore "she cannot be as single-minded as the old-fashioned mother whose only workshop was the home," Miss Kittredge, in 1901, rented a four-room flat in the congested East Side of New York and set up housekeeping with fourteen little girls.

From that small beginning the work has grown to its present large proportions. The Board of Education has officially approved the idea, and lends the teachers for the six classes of the Association, which are attended by the girls of nine public schools. The Association does the rest—that is, it pays the rent of the flats and provides all the household furnishings and utensils.

Five of the model flats are in tenement buildings typical of those in which the city's poor have to live. The sixth is a replica of the others which has been built in a public school on the East Side. The flats are open from nine to four o'clock for the school-children, who come in groups of from ten to twenty, each group enjoying eighty minutes of real housekeeping, and then giving way to another group. This pleasant and practical instruction costs the girls nothing; it is part of their free public school education. How much more pleasant and useful public school education is to-day than it was when most of us who are now adults were children!

The scope of the curriculum might be summed up like this: it includes scientific management in all the duties of the home and housekeeping. It is wrong to call them *duties*, however; they are made *arts* and *pleasures* under the Kittredge system. Everything that a housekeeper has to do is explained and made easy, from the dressing of baby to the extermination of the insect mentioned by the little Italian girl in the first paragraph of this article.

The model flats, as already stated, are just like those in which the girl pupils live, with a difference. Their rent is no higher than the rent of the home of the average East Side school-girl, but the interiors are much more beautiful, one feels sure. No decoration or furnishing is used, however, which would be beyond the means of the average poor New York family. The girls are taught how to buy light, beautiful, and airy curtains at no more than the cost of the thick and ugly ones which shut out sun and air and harbor disease germs in so many tenement homes. They are taught that it is better that the large number of children common to the homes of the poor should have one clean, light room to themselves, decorated with a beautiful nursery frieze on the walls, which they are taught to buy where such things are inexpensive, than that children and adults should sleep in indiscriminate heaps through the three or four rooms of a tenement in a common slum fashion. They are taught how a garish, bright varnished chiffonier can be scraped and stained for a few cents until it looks like an expensive piece of "mission" furniture.

In the evenings, when the public school classes have gone home, the model flats of New York are filled with older girls who have been at work in the factory or shop all day. Many of these girls are contemplating matrimony, but, having been at work eight or nine hours a day in some industry by which they have made their living since completing the minimum requirements of public school education, they have had little time to learn how to keep house. These girls pay five or ten cents apiece every evening to learn how to scrub floors, clean the pipes of a sink, or bathe a real baby which has been borrowed from some neighbor who lives across the hall from the school.

It is very true that "home-making has not kept pace with our great industrial advancement." The American home needs the application of the intelligence and energy which are applied to the American business and the American factory. These twenty-five hundred or more girls who compose the classes in the model flats of New York are not only being made efficient home-makers of the future, they are being made as well the carriers and the teachers who take the principles of domestic efficiency and economy to their own parents. The pity is that such a small fraction of the four hundred thousand or more girls in the New York City public schools get this training. It ought to be given to all of them, and to the girls of all other American cities as well. Indeed, a modified course would be a good thing for American boys, for, now that so many mothers and wives are wage-earners, it is only fair that the fathers should be able to take their trick at housekeeping, as we see father birds take their turn on the nests while mother birds are off grub-hunting. The Association of Practical Housekeeping Centers is hoping to get a few classes for boys in New York City, but of course the most pressing need is for more classes for the boys' sisters.

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FOREIGN NOTES ON THE WAR

THE growing seriousness of the situation of Germany is indicated by chance paragraphs in the foreign newspapers or by special articles which are not telegraphed as part of the news of the day to the American press. Some of these sidelights we gather together in the following paragraphs:

SOCIALIST OBJECTORS IN GERMANY AND FRANCE

In spite of the trial and imprisonment of the irrepressible Socialist leader Liebknecht, German Socialists still continue to attack the Government. The "Volksrecht," of Zurich, Switzerland, contains an account of a Socialistic pamphlet or circular recently published in Berlin and "circulated throughout the Empire, in spite of the efforts of the Government authorities to suppress it." Among other things this pamphlet says:

The inevitable has happened. Famine is upon us. At Leipzig, Berlin, Charlottenburg, Brunswick, Mecklenburg, and many other places disturbances have occurred in front of the markets and food shops, and the Government's only solution is an increase of the severity of martial law and an appeal to the weapons of the police and the sabers of the soldiers. The Government ought to have foreseen that a war against France, England, and Russia would result in a blockade. But the officials who are responsible for this war can now only whine, "Our wicked enemies are strangling us in a ring of iron!" But why, then, did they pursue a policy which inevitably led to such a strangulation?

Every imperialistic policy of conquest is a crime, and the policy of the German Government has been warlike imperialism, thanks to which it has involved itself in conflict with most of the other civilized nations of the world. It has had to fall back upon an alliance with that political corpse, Austria, and with miserable Turkey, which does not know enough to save itself from complete bankruptcy! . . .

They say we must be patient! They have tried to encourage us with fairy tales of the effects of our submarine warfare. But it would be impossible to destroy the commerce of England even if Germany built ten times as many submarines as it has to-day. They dangled in our eyes the hope that an attack upon the Balkans would give us space and that Turkey would furnish us food. All these dreams are as useless as the water that has gone over the dam. Now they are deceiving us with the story that the coming harvest will put an end to all our troubles. This is only one more lie. The harvest cannot give us what we most need. They have established a dictator of the food supply. Too late. It can do no good to try to distribute food when there is no food to distribute.

What will be the result? We shall continue the war for six months, perhaps even for a year, but the next generation will be sacrificed. To the dead and wounded on the field of battle will be added the women and children starved at home. With all its victories, German militarism has fallen into a hopeless gulf.

Women and children of the people, put an end to your words! Turn to deeds! Down with war!

The official reports of the debates in the French Chamber of Deputies, as contained in the Paris papers, indicate that three French Socialists recently voted against the increased war credits passed by the Chamber. Their spokesman, Monsieur Brizon, admitting that there were only three Socialists among the Deputies opposed to a continuation of the war, but alleging that there were many French soldiers in the trenches who agreed with them, spoke as follows:

Gentlemen: After two years of a war which has devastated Europe with ruin, bloodshed, and destruction, the warring governments ask for still further millions and still more men in order to prolong their war of extermination. At the moment when a vote of such grave import is to be taken, our thoughts turn towards peace and liberty, towards those who labor with clear consciences to accomplish the most noble duty that man can imagine, towards those courageous Socialists of the German minority. Towards these men, gentlemen, with the conviction that we are acting both as good Frenchmen and as good Socialists, we hold out our hands from the very floor of the Parliament of France. To aid these men in their brave combat with war, to further liberty without conquest, and to establish, if possible, an immediate armistice, we vote against the proposed war credits. We take this stand in behalf of peace, of France, and of Socialism!

While both the German and the French protests are from Socialists, it will be observed that a very different spirit animates them. The German Socialists cry out that their Government is guilty of criminal injustice toward themselves; that it has brought on a bloody war in which they themselves are the chief sufferers. The French Social-

(*Continued on page following illustrations*)

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Current Events Pictorially Treated

THE OUTLOOK, AUGUST 9, 1916

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AN ITALIAN MOUNTAIN GUARD

This soldier, clothed in what looks like a monk's robe, to protect him from the cold, is standing guard on top of one of the lofty mountains in the Alps. His duty is to signal the approach of aeroplanes

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A BRITISH SENTRY IN HIS NEW HELMET

The British soldiers on the western front are now wearing steel helmets somewhat similar to the French helmets: they are intended for protection against shrapnel

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A BLIND FRENCH SOLDIER IN CARE OF HIS NURSE

See "War Letters of an American Woman." The first installment of these letters appeared in The Outlook of August 2, and the second appears in this week's issue

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PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL THOMPSON

AN ARABIAN PATROL IN THE DESERT

In Arabia many tribes have revolted against Turkish rule and are now assisting the Allies along the Suez Canal and the Red Sea, and in Mesopotamia

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PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL THOMPSON

THE CITY OF VERDUN AS SEEN FROM THE BANKS OF THE MEUSE

The Germans have spent untold men and ammunition to capture this city, surrounded on all sides by hills, while the French are still fighting desperately, and so far successfully, to keep it from them. The picture shows the ruins caused by German artillery

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PHOTOGRAPH FROM MEDEM PHOTO SERVICE

QUEEN ELIZABETH OF BELGIUM IN A GARDEN IN THE TOWN OF PANNE, FRANCE

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THE KEEPER OF ONE OF UNCLE SAM'S LIGHTHOUSES

This shows Mrs. Kate Walker near the big fog-bell. She is the keeper of Robbins Reef Lighthouse, situated in Upper New York Bay, near St. George, Staten Island

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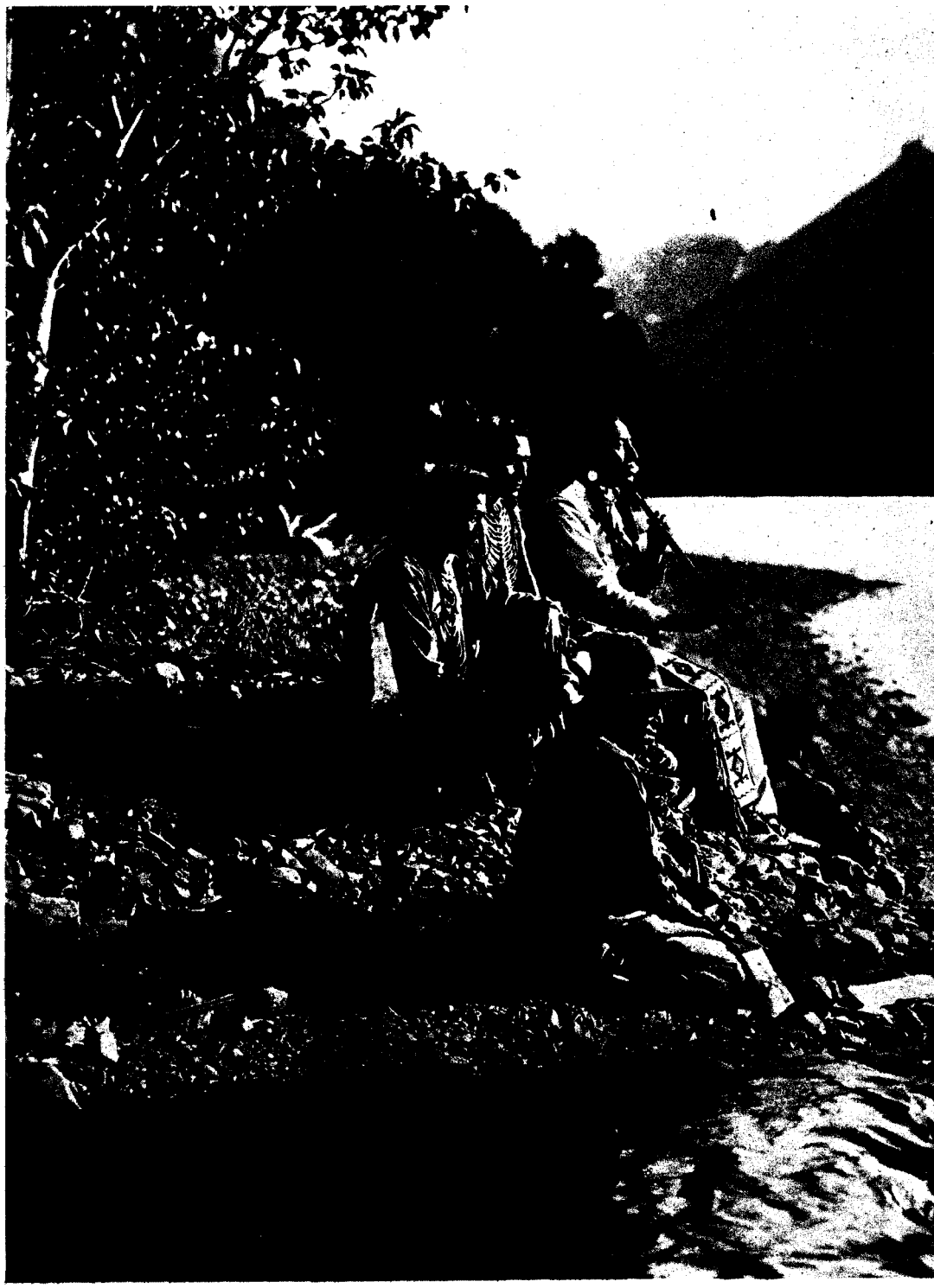

PHOTOGRAPH BY L. M. LAMM

CHIEF BIG SPRING AND OTHER MEMBERS OF THE BLACKFEET TRIBE OI
WATER SPIRITS. THE LAK

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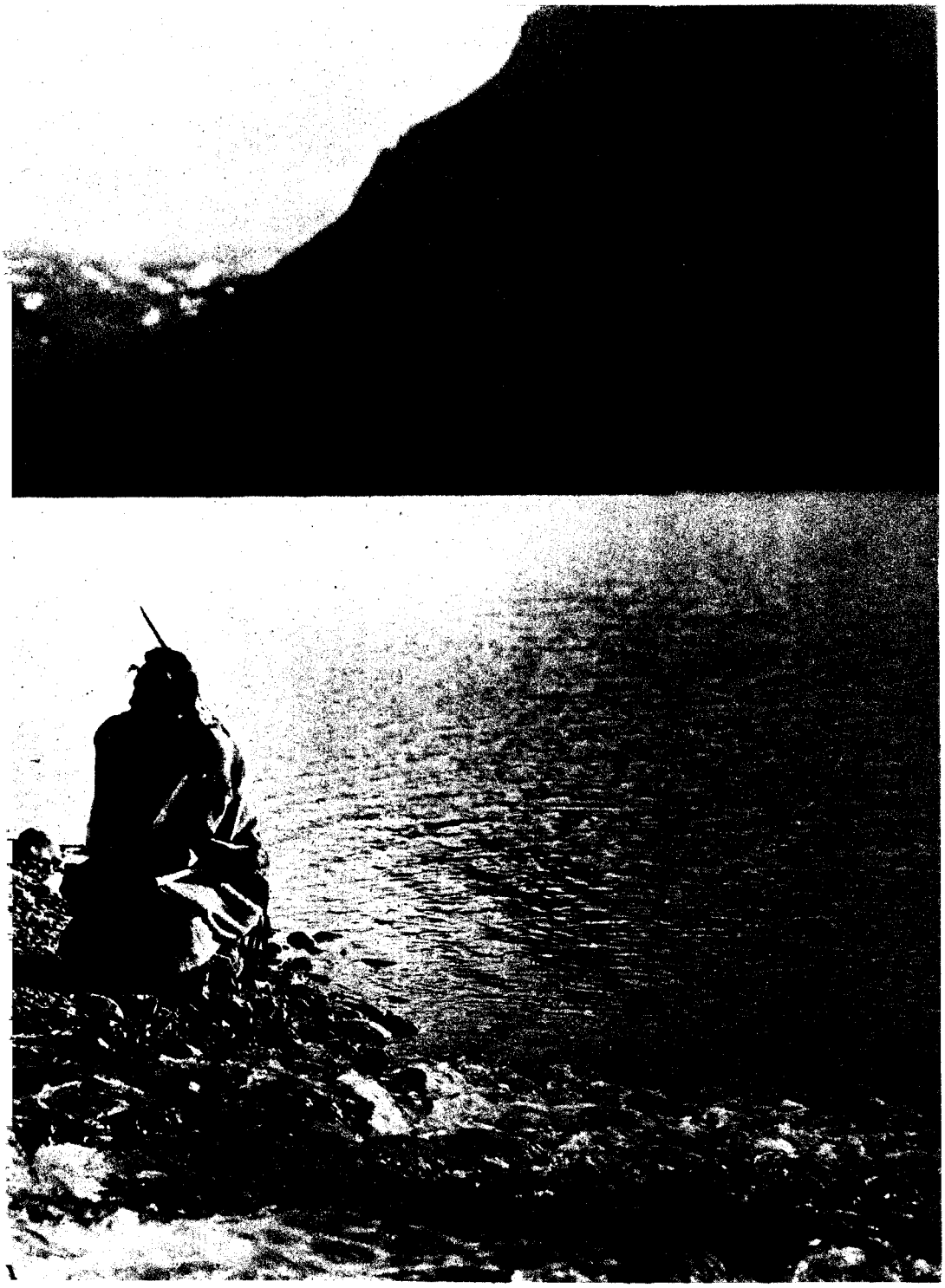

:S OF LAKE ST. MARY ENGAGED IN THE CEREMONY OF APPEASING THE
GLACIER NATIONAL PARK

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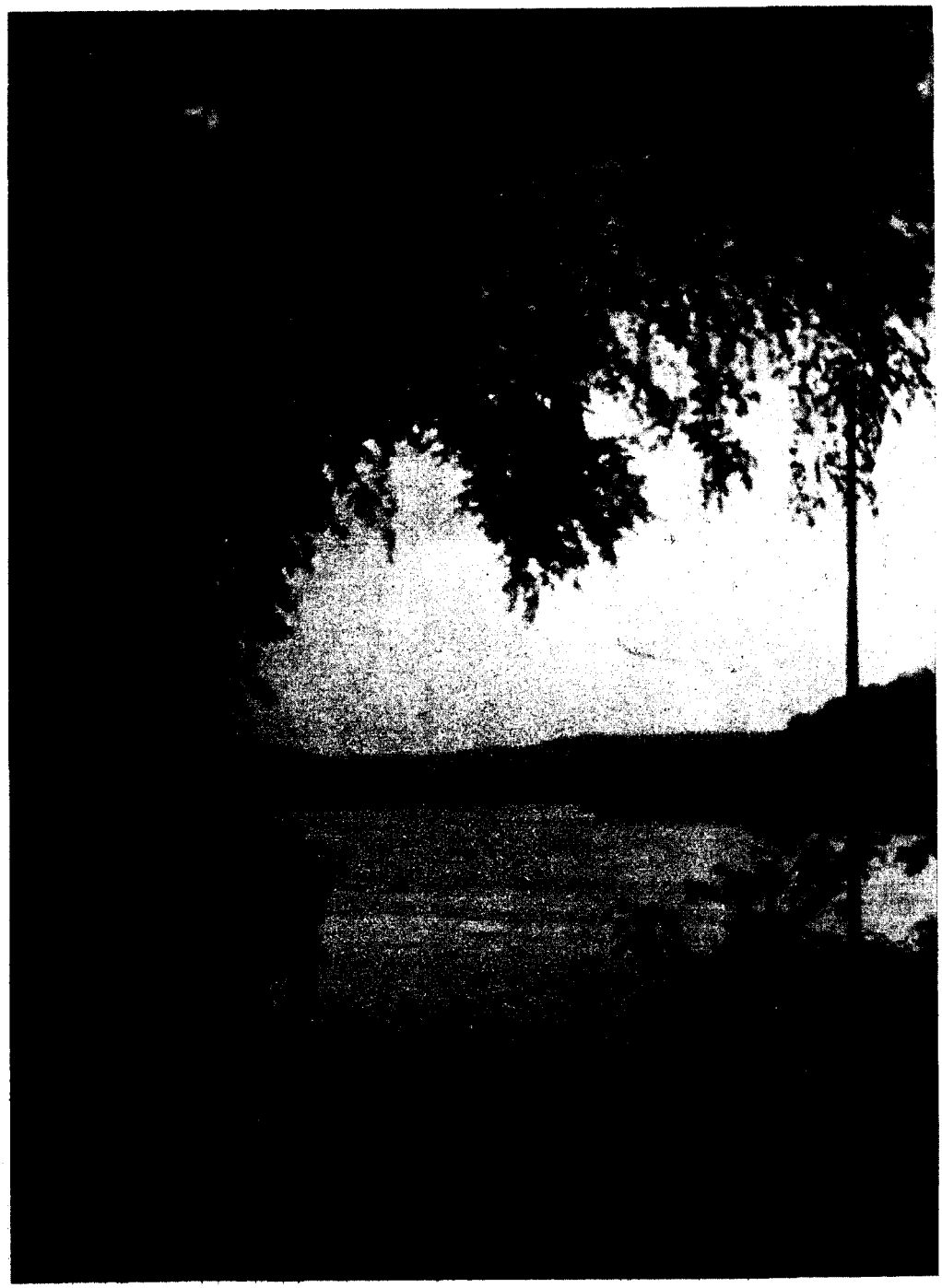

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANTOINETTE B. HERVEY

THE CONNECTICUT RIVER AT MIDDLE HADDAM

TWO EXAMPLES OF AMERICAN SCENERY, ONE IN

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COURTESY OF CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE AND ST. PAUL RAILWAY

A GLIMPSE OF MOUNT RAINIER, STATE OF WASHINGTON

AN EASTERN, THE OTHER IN A WESTERN, STATE

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ALBERT JAEGERS, SCULPTOR

A MEMORIAL TO THE FOUNDERS OF GERMANTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA

This memorial will be thirty feet high, and will be finished in Tennessee marble. It is being erected by the Federal Government, with the aid of private subscriptions, in the city of Germantown. The statue symbolizes the Spirit of Light and Idealism. The crowning feature of the sculpture is the group which shows the German Pilgrim Father stepping forth into the New World. On the other three sides are panels in relief representing (1) physical labor, upon which art and science depend; (2) a youth who volunteers his service in war to defend independence and union; (3) the protest against slavery made by the citizens of Germantown in the year 1688

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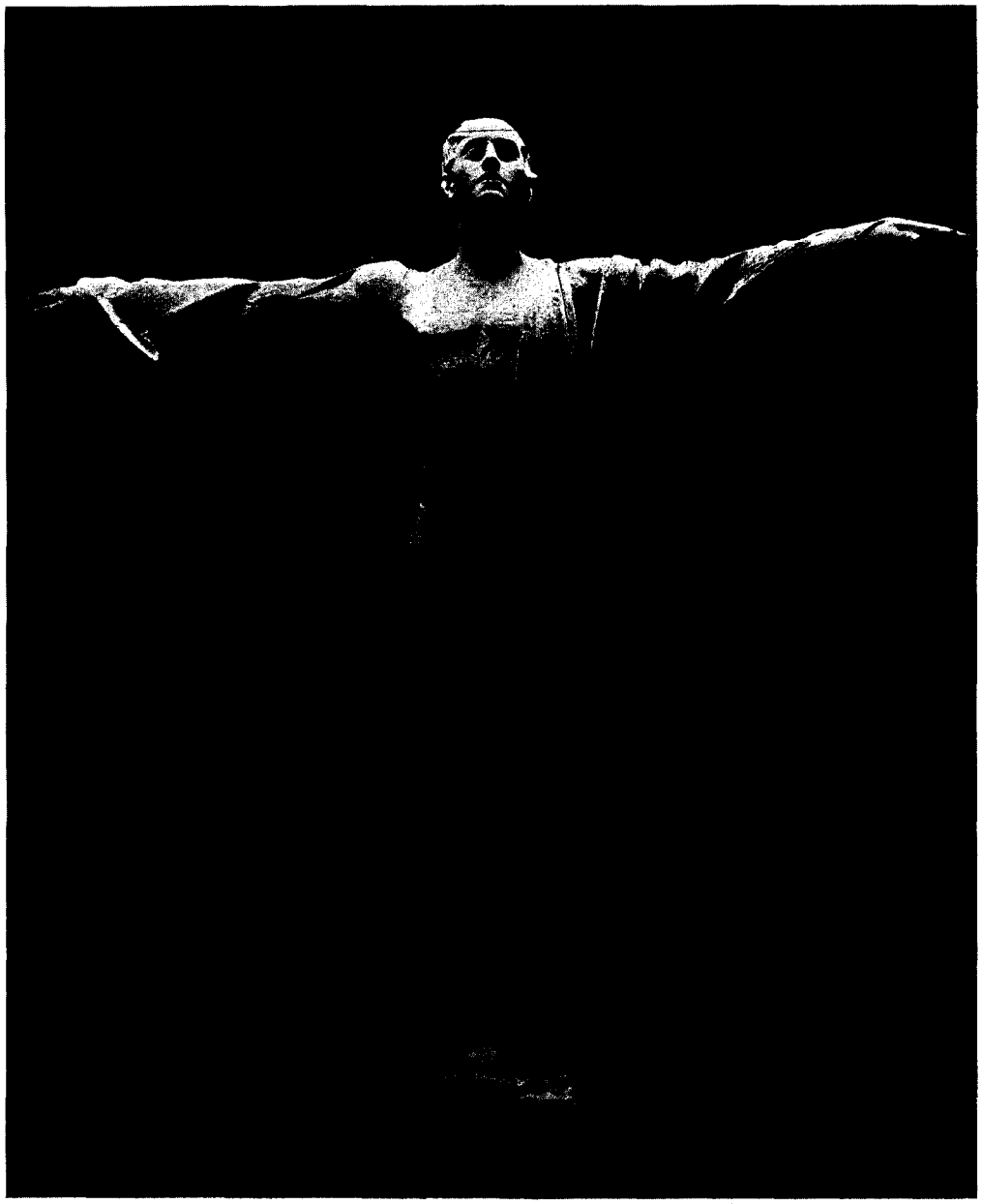

MRS. HARRY P. WHITNEY SCULPTOR

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY DE W. WARD

THE TITANIC MEMORIAL

Through this statue, the work of Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, will be commemorated by women the heroism of men. The Titanic sank, over three hundred miles off Newfoundland, on her maiden voyage, in April, 1912, with a loss of about 1,600 lives. The instances of courage and sacrifice among passengers, officers, and crew were many. The statue will be thirteen feet high, will be chiseled out of solid granite, and will stand in Washington, D. C.

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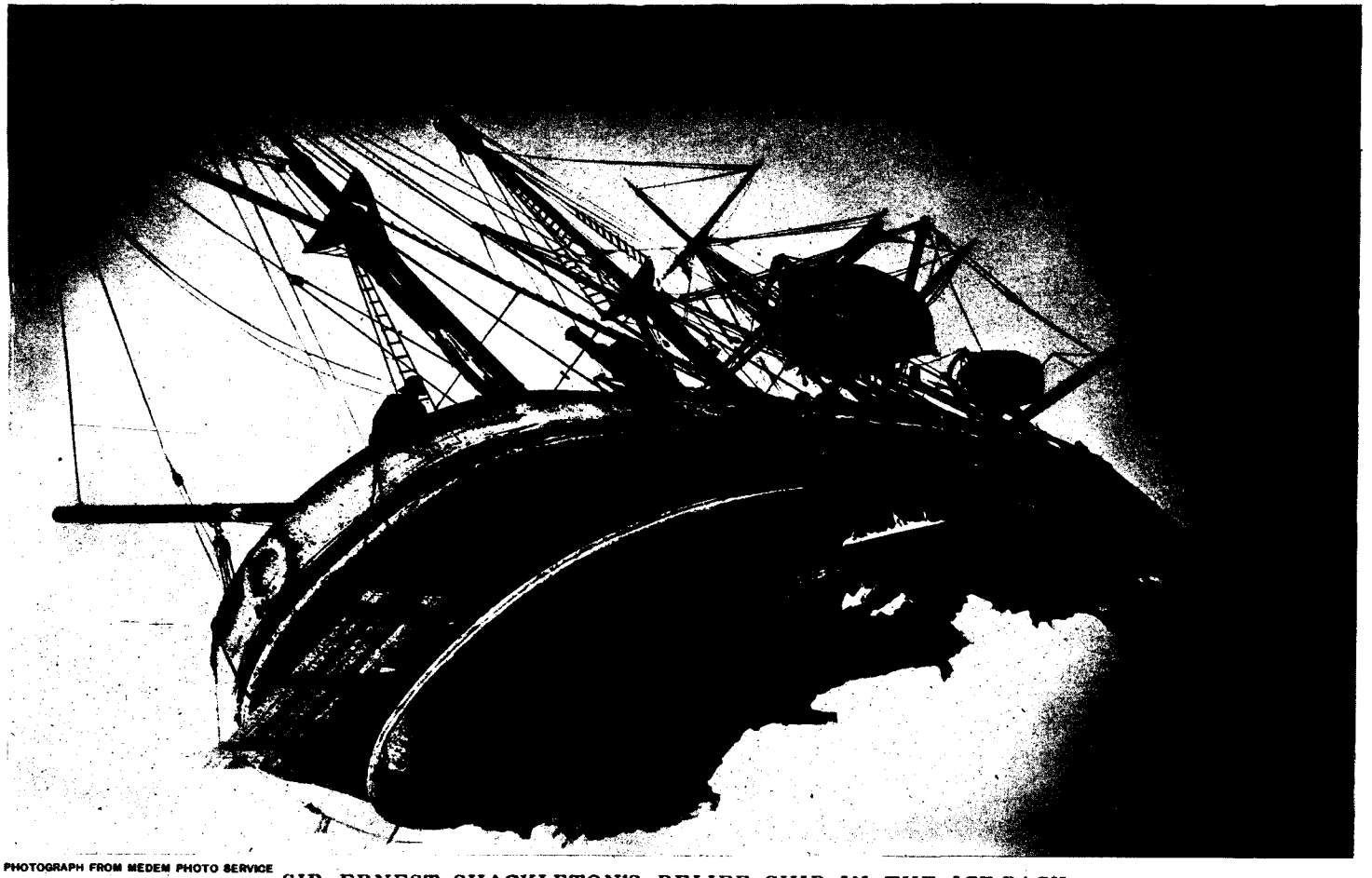

PHOTOGRAPH FROM MEDEM PHOTO SERVICE

SIR ERNEST SHACKLETON'S RELIEF SHIP IN THE ICE-PACK

The Outlook has already (issue of July 19) told the story of the misfortunes of the Shackleton Antarctic Expedition. Sir Ernest himself has twice headed relief expeditions to save his twenty-two comrades who reached Elephant Island with him after they had been forced to abandon their ship, the Endurance, at sea. He is now engaged in a third effort to rescue his crew. The ship above shown in the ice-pack is the small whaler in which the first attempt was made in vain. The photograph comes from Sir Ernest, who says that the ship was often in even worse positions than this

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PHOTOGRAPH BY THE CENTRAL NEWS PHOTO SERVICE

SOLDIERS OF THE NEW JERSEY STATE MILITIA PRACTICING WITH THE LEWIS MACHINE GUN

This gun was invented by Colonel I. N. Lewis, U. S. A., retired; and it has been used in great numbers by the Allies in the war in Europe. It was recently tried out at Plattsburg, New York, in competition with the Benét-Mercier gun, which is the regular machine gun equipment of the United States army. The Examining Board reported that the superiority of the Lewis gun was clearly demonstrated. One of the tests was to fill the magazines of the two guns with sand and mud. The Lewis gun was able to function in forty-eight seconds thereafter. The Lewis gun also fired twenty shots with deformed cartridges and battered shells in three seconds. The War Department has ordered 350 machine guns of the Lewis type

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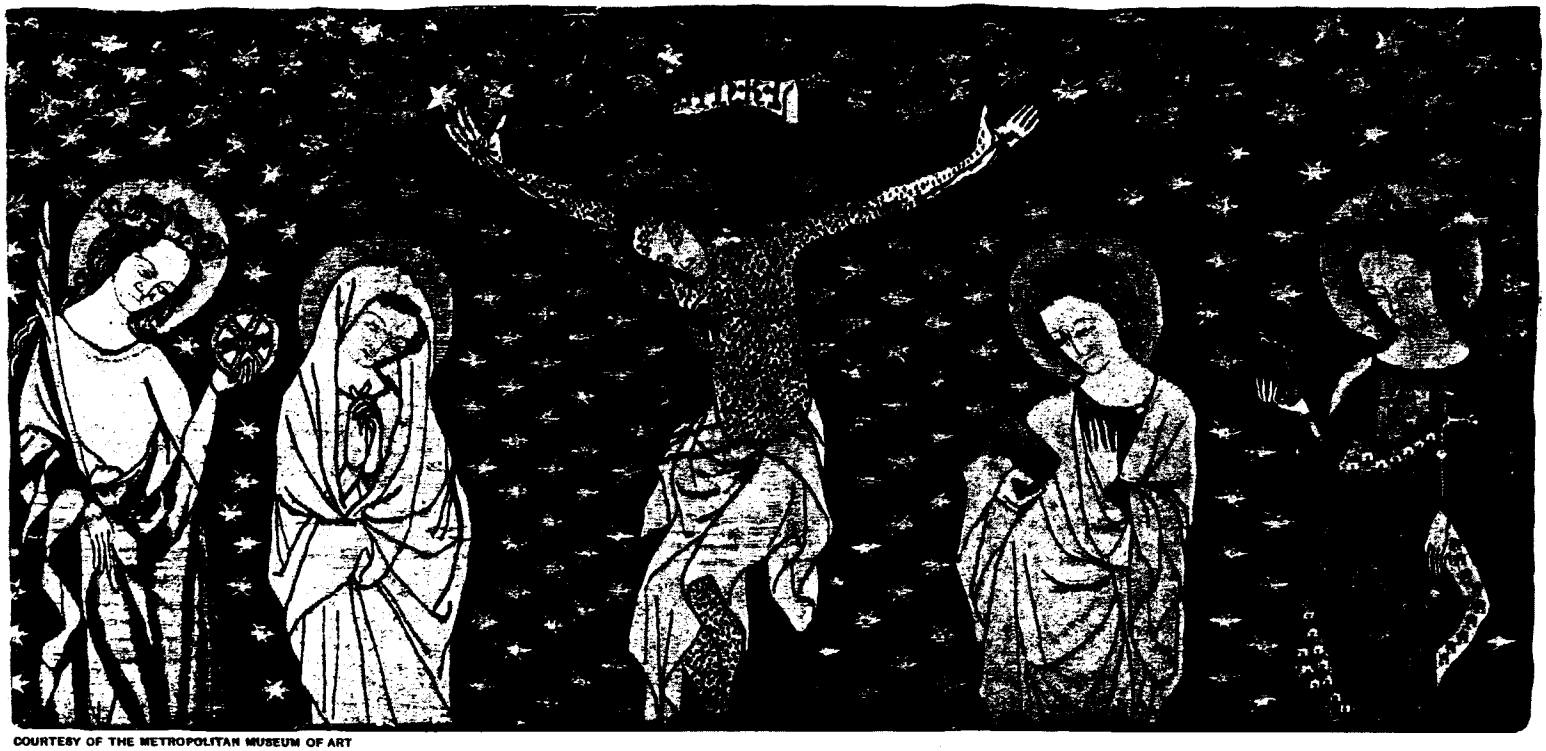

COURTESY OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART

AN ANCIENT FRENCH GOTHIC TAPESTRY, "THE CRUCIFIXION"

This is the oldest French tapestry known to exist. It was woven about the year 1300. It has ten colors or tones, the only ones used for tapestry in those early days. It is finished in a blue-starred background with five figures. Above the figure of Christ upon the Cross is the customary inscription, I. N. R. I. (Jesus Nazarenus Rex Judæorum). The Virgin Mary is at the left; St. John the Evangelist, at the right; the other two crowned female figures are royal saints

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ists make no such accusation, but appeal to their fellow-Frenchmen to aid those Germans who are struggling for the peace with justice for which France stands. Both protests are alike in this—that they both condemn Germany. It is also significant of the state of free speech in France and Germany that the French Socialists spoke openly in Parliament while the German Socialists were forced to adopt a secret manifesto which the German Government has tried by every means in its power to suppress.

A THREATENED DUEL

A correspondent of the "Journal de Genève" gives an interesting account of the political struggle that is going on between the German Imperial Chancellor, Herr von Bethmann Hollweg, and the Prussian landed aristocracy, or "Junkers." The gulf that exists between the political standards of Germany and those of England and the United States is indicated by the fact that a controversy between the Chancellor and the spokesman of the Prussian "Junkers" nearly resulted in a duel. The correspondent of the "Journal de Genève" writes as follows:

The situation in the domestic politics of Germany grows more and more complicated. The unexpected length of the war, the shortage of food, the growing discontent of the working classes, are breaking down little by little the national unity of which the German people displayed such signal proofs at the beginning of the conflict. Germany is forgetting that appeal for harmony which the Kaiser made at the outbreak of hostilities. Partisan quarrels are taking on their old-time bitterness.

This explains the extreme irritability of the last speech which the Chancellor made in the Reichstag and the pains which he took to condemn the pamphleteers of the day. Herr von Bethmann Hollweg is struggling with difficulties both without and within the Empire, and, although the Emperor has again given him signal manifestations of his confidence, the Chancellor's position is seriously threatened. The Prussian landed gentry are maintaining against him an incessant and irrepressible opposition. This clannish group, to whose machinations we owe the war, seems neither to have forgotten anything nor to have learned anything. Every German Chancellor has had trouble with them. Bismarck himself was too broad-minded in the eyes of the "Junkers." Nowhere in the world is there a social class more narrow, more selfish, or more egotistical.

There are two things that the "Junkers" cannot forgive in the policy of Herr von Bethmann Hollweg: First, that he is too sympathetic with the Liberals and too gentle in his dealings with the Social Democrats; and, second, that he was too conciliatory in his efforts to avoid a rupture with the United States on the question of submarine warfare. In the eyes of the landholding gentry in Prussia, who want the war carried on mercilessly, the last was an unpardonable weakness. . . .

The spokesman of the "Junker" party is an official named Kapp, who exercises the functions of *Generallandschaftsdirektor*—that is to say, the administrative chief of all the provincial agricultural associations. He is an indefatigable and capable administrator. Before the war he established throughout Prussia insurance societies which greatly aided the progress of agriculture.

Herr Kapp, continues the correspondent from whom the foregoing quotation is made, is the author of one of the pamphlets against which the Chancellor made his attack. Believing that he was insulted by some of the phraseology employed by the Chancellor, he sent his seconds to the latter demanding the satisfaction of a duel. The representatives of the Chancellor decided that he had not gone beyond his rights in replying to the attacks in the pamphlet by Herr Kapp, and that he did not need, therefore, to pay any attention to the latter's demands.

The "Journal de Genève" publishes the complete text of the official statement which Director Kapp has made of his quarrel with the Chancellor. In it he says, in effect: "I accused the Chancellor of pursuing a weak and inefficient policy. He replied in terms that I considered personally insulting. He refused to regard his words as falling within the domain of personal discussion. I therefore reserve the right to demand satisfaction when the Chancellor can no longer hide behind the protection which is given him by the war, by his office, and by his muzzling of the newspapers."

Fancy Secretary Houston challenging Secretary Lansing to fight a duel because of some political disagreement!

UNIVERSITY FREEDOM

The same correspondent goes on to point out other indications of the fact that public opinion in Germany is far from being a unit. "In spite of the severity of the censorship," he says, "the truth about the war is filtering into Germany little by little and is spreading. When they can express themselves freely in private conversations, many cultivated Germans to-day recognize that the Central Teu-

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tonic Powers desired and provoked the war." One of the most outspoken advocates of this view is Professor Foerster, of the University of Munich. In lectures to his students he has declared himself as having become radically opposed to the traditions of Bismarck and of Treitschke. And he insists that these questions may be discussed even in time of war, and in spite of the bitter denunciations that have been poured upon him as a traitor to his country. In one of his lectures he read some of the insulting letters that had been sent to him and also some of the approving testimony that had come to him personally from soldiers actually at the front. "Precisely," said Professor Foerster in a lecture on June 19, "because I wish to respect my opponents and to submit myself to the principles for which I stand, namely, absolute truth combined with a respect for the feelings of others—precisely for this reason I am bound to declare without ambiguity that I protest with all my might against every attempt to restrict my liberty of teaching. The time has come when we must make an examination of our consciences. We must absolutely recognize the rights of critical thought, above all in our universities, and in every domain of knowledge, including that of German history, in order that the youth of Germany may understand every point of view."

The correspondent of the "Journal de Genève" believes that Professor Foerster has taken an impregnable position, for freedom of university teaching has always in the past been considered in Germany to be an inviolable principle—even in Prussia in periods when the Government was absolutist in the extreme.

"Voices like that of Professor Foerster continue to be heard," says this writer. "More than that, they are listened to. They form a significant sign of the times."

FROM NEWSBOY TO MACHINIST

BY GEORGE E. COLES

[One of the most interesting student orations delivered during the recent college Commencement season was that of a coal-black young Negro at Hampton Institute. Those who attended the Commencement or "Anniversary" exercises at Hampton this year will remember the scene. On the floor of the large but simple auditorium sat the audience. At the right, on a great tier of seats rising like an athletic grand stand, were massed the thousand or more young men and women students of the institution in their neat and simple uniforms. Their wonderful singing of Negro "spirituals" and plantation songs was one of the deeply moving features of the occasion.

On the platform were grouped the distinguished speakers and visitors of the day, including Governor Stuart, of the old and deservedly proud State of Virginia; the rector of St. Paul's Episcopal Church in Richmond, which during the war was the church of the highest intellectual and political aristocracy of the Southern Confederacy; and President Alderman, of the University of Virginia, which in history, tradition, and personal associations is one of the most distinguished of all American universities. The rector, the University President, and the Governor, among others, made addresses full of respect and admiration for the profound and efficient educational work which Hampton is doing. The Governor, with that tact and skill to be expected from a Virginia gentleman in his position, referred to the somewhat pathetic fact that the American Negro has always been intensely loyal to his country, which has not always been loyal to him. "You will find," he said, "no hyphenated Americans among the Negroes."

It is significant of the respect which Hampton commands among the leading white people of the South that upon the stage where these distinguished white Southern gentlemen spoke and sat there came four graduating students to speak their Commencement parts—a young Negro woman, a young Indian, and two young Negro men. The addresses of all four were excellent and were full of interest because they came from the actual life and experiences of the speakers. We reproduce here one of the addresses—

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that by George E. Coles, of the graduating class of 1916, which he entitled "From Newsboy to Machinist."

Cold type cannot reveal the humor, the pathos, and the deep personal appeal of this Commencement speech. Bullet-headed, kinky-haired, black as the ace of spades, with gleaming white teeth and eyeballs, and an irresistible smile of good humor at the allusions which he frankly made to the joys and sorrows of his "pickaninny youth," the speaker captivated his audience. We doubt if there was a more effective, genuine, and human "Commencement part" spoken on any college or university stage in any part of the country during the recent graduating season. We are glad to print this address because it is typical of the remarkable educational work which Hampton is doing in a spirit and by methods that ought to be more largely adopted by white educational institutions throughout the country.

This, perhaps, is the place to say that Hampton Institute needs a new auditorium, to be used, among other things, for its Commencement exercises, and that the Institute is endeavoring to raise one hundred and fifty thousand dollars for the erection of a memorial building in honor of the life and work of the late Robert C. Ogden, who did so much for Hampton. The corner-stone of this building was laid during Hampton Commencement week. The committee in charge has already raised ninety thousand dollars, and needs sixty thousand dollars more to complete the work. The General Education Board, in order to show its appreciation of the life and work of Mr. Ogden, and of the notable achievements of Hampton Institute under the direction of its modest but distinguished Principal, Dr. H. B. Frissell, has promised twenty-five thousand dollars. The interest of this sum is to be used towards the maintenance of the Ogden Memorial Building when completed. Those Americans who recognize that the so-called Negro problem is one of the greatest of the social problems of this country and who believe, as we do, that Hampton Institute is perhaps the most important factor in the solution of that problem, will be glad, we are assured, to come promptly to the aid of Dr. Frissell in raising the sum which is necessary to provide Hampton with this appropriate memorial and much-needed modern auditorium.—THE EDITORS.]

OFTTIMES I have heard ante-bellum people say with great pride, "I was born before the war." I, too, can say that I was born before the war, but the war in question was the Spanish-American War. In Petersburg, Virginia, only a few miles from the historic site of the Battle of the Crater, I first perceived this sinful world. I was born one hot Sunday afternoon in August; it was the day after the unlucky thirteen in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred ninety-two. There were no hosts of people waiting outside to get a peep at the infant; there were no sounds of stringed instruments and clanging cymbals; but the steady drone of the bees on that still, hot air was music enough for the proud parents.

When I was quite young, I thought that life was a regular bed of roses; but before I finished my schooling I was to realize that beneath that rose-bed were many sharp thorns that could and would prick when one least expected them to do so. I spent the first six years of my life waxing strong and enjoying myself with my playmates in this rose-bed; as yet the thorns had not begun to prick.

I was six years old when my mother hustled me off to school, and, like all small children, I loathed to strike into the unknown. I didn't want to be educated; for didn't it mean to my youthful mind absence from the open air with my playmates, absence from my mother's sight and from the bread which I used to run in for every half-hour? Of course it did, and I resented this new move most strongly.

I was carried to school and placed in a room with some more of my kind. All were crying, and I promptly joined them and cried and cried; but soon I weighed the matter in my little mind and came to the conclusion that it was useless to cry. I desisted and began laughing at the other unfortunates; but when the autocrat of the class-room reminded me in a strong tone that I was in a class-room and not in the streets, I began sitting up and taking notice; and I have been trying to do the same thing ever since.

I remained in the public school at home for two terms, and then my mother, who had preceded me North, sent for me. I traveled to Cranford, New Jersey, with a little tag

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swinging from my coat; this meant that I was in care of the conductor. My sole companion on this memorable trip was a yellow-striped kitten (I was very fond of cats). My companion and I reached my mother in first-class condition. I began at once to adapt myself to existing conditions, for I had never before attended school with white children. My little traveling companion, the kitten, began in the wrong way, for she pilfered everything that she could use for self-preservation; and, as the wages of sin is death, in a few short weeks a clean spot in a grassy plot and a few buttercups marked her last resting-place.

I must have been a meddlesome sort of a chap, for every day, much to my dislike, a crowd of my white schoolmates would show me the way home in double time. The two years that I remained in Cranford made a decided change in my life, for here I learned most of my manners. Through contact with the people for whom my mother worked I gained many ideas of courtesy and etiquette. Also the time spent there helped me immensely in my academic work, for when I returned home I was advanced two grades higher than I would have been if I had remained there.

I didn't have any father to help me through school, only a dear mother, and she worked early and late that I might procure an education. In order to relieve the strain a little I would sell papers after school, and soon I became a kind of professional in that line. I could fill pages in relating the little incidents that happened to me while running up and down the streets and boarding the rapidly moving cars, selling my papers, but time and space will not permit me. The thorns had begun to prick just a little, but I didn't mind them.

When I reached the age of fourteen, I became a worker in one of the crate factories at home. The earnings from this job, along with the money from my papers, enabled us to get along pretty well. So time passed swiftly by, and I was surely being educated. When I reached high school, the idea, which some of my mother's Northern friends gave her years ago, of sending me to Hampton reached a full size, and we began working harder than ever to make that idea a possibility.

On June 8, 1911, I finished the high school course, and the following September entered Hampton as a work-year student. Two of my aims were accomplished: first, to complete my high school course; second, to become a Hampton student.

My new duties were hard at times, but one must learn to undergo hardships without flinching. I was to check up all freight that came on the wharf, and to do everything that Captain Gibson or any teacher could think of having me do. I helped to deliver freight through beating rain and blinding snow, through the heat of summer and the cold of winter. That work-year winter was cold—oh, so cold! it seemed as if it had waited for me to arrive in order to be the coldest winter in twenty-five years. But through the help of the Lord I survived that winter, and when the birds began to sing and the green grass to appear I felt none the worse for my experience. The summer passed away uneventfully and soon my work-year came to a close.

On October 1, 1912, I entered the Trade School as a first-year machinist. I worked hard and earnestly in the shop, my mother did the same at home, and the thorns began to prick hard and incessantly. But the harder they pricked the harder I struggled for my goal. I clenched my teeth, shrugged my shoulders, and plodded onward, upward, to the beacon light. I spent the summer of 1913 in Atlantic City, New Jersey, working hard to make ends meet, but money was tight, and I returned to Hampton with the thorns still pricking. But I struggled through two more hard terms, and on May 27, 1915, I completed the machinist's trade, and spent the summer of 1915 in Atlantic City again. Most of the summer was very cool, the war was raging, and every one seemed to be trying to see who could hold the eagle the tightest. But I determined to return and finish the academic course, and here I am.

Soon I expect to leave dear old Hampton, soon I expect to try the hard world. Life is a struggle that all must face, and face it I will. For seventeen terms my mother has kept me in school; she has struggled for me all of my life. She prayed to be spared to see me finish school, and I prayed for her to live to enjoy the benefits of my education. Her prayer has been answered; God grant mine will be answered too!

The people of my race are living in these thorny rose-beds; may I be able, while I am helping my mother, to clear out some of the thorns of prejudice, poverty, and ignorance, and leave them, instead, education, race pride, and happiness!

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SUNDAY TALKS WITH CHILDREN

BY THE REV. HENRY S. COFFIN

THE DILLY DALLIES

Proverbs vi. 10: "Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep."

HAVE you ever met any members of the Dilly Dally family? I'm sure you have, for there are such a lot of them. To begin with, there is little Peter Put-Off Dilly Dally—a very well-meaning child, but who never wants to begin anything he means to do right away. He means to study his lessons for to-morrow and know them well, but instead of commencing on them this afternoon before the sleepy evening time comes he stays out a long while playing. "I'll surely get at them the instant I finish supper," he thinks; but he hangs about listening to his older brothers and sisters, and by the time he opens his books the Sand Man has nearly filled his eyes, so he has to go to bed. He means to get up before breakfast and do them, and he asks his sister Lily to wake him.

But he has chosen a very poor alarm clock, for Lily is Lily Lie-Abed Dilly Dally. You never saw such a girl to call in the morning! Her mother raps on the door but gets no answer, goes in and taps her and she rolls over, pokes her and she murmurs: "Oh, just five minutes more; I'll surely get up then." But her mother is no more than gone when Lily is again sound asleep.

Peter and Lily have an older sister, Bessie Blame-the-Clock Dilly Dally, who walks into the room every morning just as the others are finishing their breakfast, and says: "Dear me, am I late? Your watches must be wrong or my clock is slow." Her clock was all right the evening before, but somehow it has the habit of taking a twenty-minute nap in the middle of every night, for Bessie blames it regularly each morning.

Mr. and Mrs. Never-Ready Dilly Dally can hardly find fault with the ways of their children. They live on Pokey Street, about fifteen minutes' walk from the church they attend; and you should see them on Sunday mornings! It seems as though breakfast would never begin; and there is such a fuss getting Peter Put-Off and Lily Lie-Abed and their brothers and sisters, Bobby Behind-Time, Tommy Tardy, Sally Slow-Coach, and Dicky Dawdle, started for Sunday-school. (I told you that the Dilly Dallies were a large family.) And I've forgotten Bessie Blame-the-Clock, who belongs to the Bible class. How annoying it is to their teachers to have them strolling in when the session is half over and interrupting the lesson in their classes!

And when the children are all off papa and mamma hustle about, intending to be in time for the church service; but time has a way of getting lost on Pokey Street. By and by Mr. Never-Ready looks at his watch. "Gracious, my dear, church will begin in ten minutes, and that terrible Dr. Prompt is such a stickler for starting on the minute!" "My dear, are you ready?" he calls up the stairs. "Just a second." But Mrs. Dilly Dally's seconds have a habit of stretching themselves out as though they were made of elastic. When she does come down, where is her husband? He is looking all over for his Sunday hat. "Never mind, take any hat; we simply must start." Down Pokey Street they hurry, when suddenly Mrs. Dilly Dally remembers that she has left her envelope with the money for the collection on her bureau; and back runs Mr. Dilly Dally. Finally, Mr. and Mrs. Never-Ready walk down the aisle when the service is more than a third over.

Now none of this Dilly Dally family are what you would call bad people, but they are really great sinners; for sin is being unlike God, and God is always punctual. We never need worry whether the sun will get up on time in the morning or be late in going to bed at night. Our Father in heaven who sees to the sun's rising and setting never fails us by a minute. To be his true children is to be always exactly on time.

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INDIA'S MESSAGE TO JAPAN

AN ADDRESS AT THE UNIVERSITY OF TOKYO BY SIR RABINDRANATH TAGORE

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE

ON Sunday afternoon, June 18, the new lecture hall of the Imperial University in Tokyo was filled to the last seat, and the walls were lined with standing men. More than two thousand silent and interested Japanese were gathered there, together with a hundred and more Hindus, and as many Europeans, to hear Sir Rabindranath Tagore, the great Indian poet and philosopher, deliver his message of India to Japan.

The war has sadly interrupted the succession of Western scholars who come to Japan by invitation of the Government and as guests of the Imperial University. Dr. Eucken was due to arrive in September, 1914, and a long programme had been made out for the great German theologian and his family. His contribution, by the Imperial command of the Kaiser, to the volume of ninety-two essays in defense of Germany's conduct at the beginning of the war was a rude shock and disillusionment to his admirers all over the world.

Sir Rabindranath's visit had long been expected, and he was greeted with many honors. He has been received by the Emperor, fêted at the British Embassy and by the communities of Indian merchants and students in Japan, and now, after this lionizing and sightseeing, is to retire to a monastery for a month of quiet before sailing for the United States at the end of July.

There was a burst of applause when the President of the University appeared, accompanied by the poet in his long white gown and brown velvet cap—an Asiatic of the purest Aryan type, with fine straight nose, large eyes, a level brow, with curling gray hair and beard, and a complexion of old ivory, or as if slightly tanned from his long sea voyage. This graceful, gracious figure, this poet who looked like a poet, stood and quietly read from his printed text in a smooth, clear voice that seemed to carry to the farthest end of the vast, sloping, octagonal lecture hall.

He noted, first, that Asia had long lived in the past, its face so turned backwards that it could never move in the path of progress, and continued, substantially as follows:

"When things stood like this, and we in Asia hypnotized ourselves into the belief that it could never by any possibility be otherwise, Japan rose from her dreams and in giant strides left centuries of inaction behind, overtaking the present time in its foremost goal. . . . One morning the whole world looked up in surprise when Japan broke through her wall of old habits in a night and came out triumphant. . . . And Japan, the child of the ancient East, has also fearlessly claimed all the gifts of the modern age for herself. This it is which has given heart to the rest of Asia. . . . Japan has taught us that we must learn the watchword of the age in which we live, and answer must be given to the sentinel of time if we are to escape annihilation. . . .

"Japan has imported her food from the West, but not her vital nature. Japan cannot altogether lose and merge herself in the scientific paraphernalia she has acquired from the West, and be turned into a mere borrowed machine. She has her own soul, which must assert itself over all her requirements; . . . and the process of assimilation is going on. . . .

"For a person like myself, belonging to the East, her present problems and her methods of solution of those problems are matters of utmost interest. The whole world waits to see what this great Eastern nation is going to do with the opportunities and responsibilities she has accepted from the hand of the modern time. If it be a mere reproduction of the West, then the great expectation she has raised will remain unfulfilled. For there are grave questions that the Western civilization has presented before the world, but not completely answered. The conflict between the individual and the state, labor and capital, the man and the woman; the conflict between the greed of material gain and the spiritual life of man, the organized selfishness of nations and the higher ideals of humanity; the conflict between all the ugly complexities inseparable from giant organizations of commerce and state and the natural instinct of man crying for simplicity

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and beauty and fullness of leisure—all these have yet to be brought to a harmony in a manner not yet dreamed of.

"You Japanese cannot with a light heart accept the modern civilization with all its tendencies, methods, and structures, and dream that they are inevitable. . . . Once you did solve the problems of man to your own satisfaction, you had your philosophy of life and evolved your own art of living. . . . Of all countries in Asia, here in Japan you have the freedom to use the material you have gathered from the West according to your genius and your need. You are fortunately not hampered from the outside; therefore your responsibility is all the greater, for *in your voice Asia shall answer the questions that Europe has submitted to the conference of man.* In your land the experiments will be carried on by which the East will change the aspects of the modern civilization, infusing life in it where it is a machine, substituting human heart for cold expediency, not caring so much for power and success as for harmonious and living growth, for truth and beauty. . . .

"India is too vast in its area and too diverse in its races. It is many countries packed in one geographical receptacle. It is just the opposite of what Europe truly is—namely, one country made into many. . . . In America and Australia Europe has simplified her problem by almost exterminating the original populations. Even in the present age this spirit of extermination is showing its fangs in another manner—in California, in Canada, in Australia—by inhospitably shutting out aliens through those who themselves were aliens in the lands they occupy. . . . The political civilization, which has sprung up from the soil of Europe and is overrunning the whole world, like some prolific weed, is based upon exclusiveness. It is always watchful to keep at bay the aliens or to exterminate them. It is carnivorous and cannibalistic in its tendencies; it feeds upon the resources of other peoples and tries to swallow their whole future. It is always afraid of other races achieving their eminence, naming it as a peril, and tries to thwart all symptoms of greatness outside its own boundaries, forcing down races of men who are weaker, to be eternally fixed in their weakness.

"Before this political civilization came to its power and opened its hungry jaws wide enough to gulp down great continents of the earth, we had wars, pillages, changes of monarchy, and consequent miseries, but never such a sight of fearful and hopeless gluttony, such wholesale feeding of nation upon nation, such huge machines for turning great portions of the earth into mincemeat, never such terrible jealousies, with all their ugly teeth and claws ready for tearing open each other's vitals. This political civilization is scientific, not human. It is powerful, because it concentrates all its forces upon one purpose, like a millionaire acquiring money at the cost of his soul. It betrays its trust, it weaves its meshes of lies without shame, it enshrines gigantic idols of greed in its temples, taking great pride in the costly ceremonials of its worship, calling this patriotism. And it can be safely prophesied that this cannot go on, for there is a moral law in this world which has its application both to individuals and to organized bodies of men. You cannot go on violating these laws in the name of your nation, yet enjoy their advantage as individuals. This public sapping of the ethical ideals slowly reacts upon each member of society, gradually breeding weakness, where it is not seen, and causing that cynical distrust of all things sacred in human nature, which is the true symptom of senility. You must keep in mind that this political civilization, this creed of national patriotism, has not been given a long trial. . . . But ruins of sky-scrapers of power and broken machinery of greed even God's rain is powerless to raise up again; for they were not of life, but went against life as a whole—they are relics of the rebellion that shattered itself to pieces against the eternal.

"The East, with her ideals, in whose bosoms are stored the ages of sunlight and silence of stars, can patiently wait till the West, hurrying after the expedient, loses breath and stops. The East knows that she is immortal, and she will appear again and again in man's history with her draught of life. Europe, while busily speeding to her engagements, disdainfully casts her glance from her carriage window to the reaper reaping his harvest in the field, and in her intoxication of speed cannot but think of him as slow and ever receding backwards. But the speed comes to its end, the engagement loses its meaning, and the hungry heart clamors for food, till at last she comes to the lowly reaper reaping his harvest in the sun. For if the office cannot wait, or the buying and selling, or the craving for excitement, love waits, and beauty and the wisdom of suffering, and the fruits of patient devotion and

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reverent meekness, of simple faith. And thus shall wait the East till her time comes.

"Eastern Asia has been pursuing its own path, evolving its own civilization, which was not political but social, not predatory and mechanically efficient but spiritual, and based upon all the varied and deeper relations of humanity. The solutions of the life problems of peoples were thought out in seclusion and carried out behind the security of aloofness, where all the dynastic changes and foreign invasions hardly touched them. But now we are overtaken by the outside world, our seclusion is lost forever. Yet this we must not regret, as a plant should never regret when the obscurity of its seed-time is broken. Now the time has come when we must make the world problem our own problem; we must bring the spirit of our civilization into harmony with the history of all nations of the earth; we must not, in foolish pride, still keep ourselves fast within the shell of the seed and the crust of the earth which protected and nourished our ideals; for these, the shell and the crust, were meant to be broken, so that life may spring up in all its vigor and beauty, bringing its offerings to the world in open light.

"In this task of breaking the barrier and facing the world Japan has come out the first in the East. She has infused hope in the heart of all Asia. Asia now feels that she must prove her life by producing living work; she must not lie passively dormant or feebly imitate the West in the infatuation of fear or flattery. For this we offer our thanks to this land of the Rising Sun and solemnly ask her to remember that she has the mission of the East to fulfill."

Sir Rabindranath was listened to with deep attention. Storms of hand-clapping followed some of his most telling sentences and accompanied him when he quickly retired at the close of his address.

The visit of the Indian poet and philosopher is an event of more than usual significance to the Japanese, and perhaps even to the entire Orient. For, besides his attractive and magnetic personality and the record of his achievements, Tagore is an Oriental whom all Europe acknowledges and honors, an Asiatic upon whom the Occident has bestowed its first prize for literature, an Eastern poet who ranks with the distinguished Western bards of to-day. The Nobel prize carried a special significance to the whole Eastern world when it was bestowed on the gifted Tagore.

The importance to the Occident of this message of India to Japan lies in this fact: there is an Asia, and its various peoples are rapidly coming to a national consciousness.

E. R. S.

THE LIFE OF THE AMERICAN SAILOR

BY HAWTHORNE DANIEL

THE average sailor of to-day has no bed of roses. At the same time, he is not so terribly treated as we are sometimes led to believe. I do not mean that the conditions under which he works are faultless—they seldom are; but that there are men ashore whose surroundings are worse.

It was to compare the present condition of American sailors with the conditions of sailors under foreign flags that took me, during February and March, on a rambling and not altogether uninteresting trip in American, British, Swedish, and Danish ships. The ships I was on are all freighters. None of them are licensed to carry passengers. It was consequently necessary for me to sign on as a member of the crew on each of them.

I sailed from Philadelphia in February on an American steamer carrying coal to Havana. The ship was built four or five years ago on the Great Lakes. She has been in the transatlantic trade recently, and can be taken as a fair example of an American freighter.

Including the officers and engineers, there were twenty-seven men aboard. The crew, in the ordinary deep-sea meaning of the word, was made up of six firemen, three oilers, two quartermasters, and four deck-hands. It was in these men that I was particularly interested.

In this ship the engines, bunkers, and accommodations are all in the stern. Nothing is forward except cargo space. In the deck-house the officers have their rooms. On the deck below the engineers have their quarters.

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The mess-rooms and galley are also located on this deck. On the next deck down the crew is quartered. Two large rooms with bunks arranged in tiers along one side and across the end of each are assigned to them. In one of these the firemen have their headquarters; in the other, the deck-hands and oilers.

I will admit that these rooms are not delightful. At times they are disgustingly dirty and evil-smelling. But such conditions are due to the men themselves, who make no great effort to keep the ventilators open or to keep their bunks clean. Five minutes' work a day on the part of each of them and closer attention to personal cleanliness would keep their rooms in very respectable shape. Even as it is, I have seen many bunk-houses for ranch hands and railway section men that were infinitely worse.

The American law requires that men on ships be allowed at least five quarts of fresh water a day. Any of the men could have had ten times that amount if he had wanted it; but I am confident that, aside from the firemen, who occasionally cleaned off the coal-dust that accumulated on them in the stoke-hole, most of the men did not use more than two or three quarts a day. I mention this merely to emphasize the fact that the sailors found on steamers of to-day are not of the highest type.

The food served the men was exactly the same as that which was served the officers. The galley was amidships, the officers' and crew's mess-rooms being, respectively, to port and starboard of it. The men ate at the same time as the officers, each meal being divided into two "tables," in order that men should be on duty all the time. The food was good—surprisingly good, I thought, after having read stories of dubious seafaring diet—and not once did I see any attempt to give the officers more or better food than was given the men.

The work on such a ship is not laborious. The firemen have the most trying job. They are divided into three watches, so that they work four hours and are off eight. Brawny fellows, quite accustomed to the heat, they do not seem to find their duties very difficult.

The deck-hands work at odd jobs about the ship. They paint when the weather is fine; they wash down the decks when that is necessary; if coal is to be shifted in the bunkers, or some similar work is to be done, they are given the job, but are paid an additional eighteen cents an hour for it. I may add that on Sunday at sea only the most necessary work is done.

On the arrival of the ship in port the men's work becomes easier. They have nothing to do with loading or unloading the ship. Droves of stevedores attend to that. Occasionally members of the crew are called upon to run the hoisting-engines; more often they are not. Of course the firemen are on duty; but little steam is being used, so they find their task easier. The law requires that no man shall be called upon to work more than nine hours a day while in port, so the sailors find time to amuse themselves ashore.

Something happened on the trip from Philadelphia to Havana which shows quite plainly the type of man so often found on board such ships. It also shows how the companies treat their men.

One of the firemen who had signed on for the trip got into a drunken brawl in Philadelphia the day before the ship sailed. In the course of the argument some one hit him on the jaw with such enthusiasm that his jaw was badly broken. He knew that it was sore, but he did not know that it was broken. He could not eat, but he laid that to the fact that most of his teeth were loose from the blow, and he went to work believing that he would be all right in a day or so. His jaw didn't get better, and he got nothing to eat all the way to Havana except the soup the cook made for him. For nine days that fellow stood every minute of his watch whenever it came. For forty-eight hours we were tossed about by a Cape Hatteras storm, and he was before his furnace doors every minute of his time. He was much surprised when the quarantine officer in Havana told him his jaw was broken. He thought that he was getting better because his teeth were once more becoming tight.

As soon as it was discovered that the man was so seriously injured he was sent to a hospital, where his jaw was set. The ship paid the bill. When the man came back with his head done up in plaster, he could not work, but the captain refused to leave him. He was taken aboard, and was brought back to Philadelphia on the ship's return trip. It must be borne in mind that this man was not injured in the performance of his duties. He was not even injured aboard ship. Yet better treatment could scarcely have been accorded him, once it was found that he was really hurt.

On the British, Swedish, and Danish ships

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I found conditions very similar to those on the American. The Swede and the Dane were both old. Neither of them had electricity or sanitary plumbing, but, aside from these differences, the crew's quarters were as good as they were on the American. The officers' quarters were immeasurably better than they were on the American, but no other difference was apparent.

It was noticeable that the men had no mess attendant to serve their meals. They called at the galley, and carried their food forward to the forecastle, where they waited on themselves. Inasmuch as their meals were not made up of many courses, that difference was not as important as it was noticeable. Their food was good. If there was any difference between the food on the American ship and that on the foreign ships I could not see it.

On different ships different systems prevail. On the American ship, for instance, there were six firemen in watches of four hours, with two men on duty at the same time. On the British ship there were nine firemen, working three at a time in four-hour watches. On the Swede there were four men making up four watches, each man serving alone for three hours. On the Dane there were five men, in one-man watches of three hours. Of course there was considerable difference in the size of the ships, the Swede and the Dane being smaller than the other two.

Ships and the conditions prevailing on ships are essentially the same. It is impossible that radically different conditions could prevail. There are differences, of course, and where they exist they are in favor of the American. At the same time, these differences are neither so numerous nor so marked as to place the American sailor in a class by himself.

The Seaman's Act has done much for our sailors. It has done so much that even the ship-owners, who fought tooth and nail against the passage of the La Follette Bill, are now largely in favor of the resulting Act. It would seem that they are nearly as much in favor of it as are the unions. But the owners, and the unions as well, even though they realize the good the law has done, are able to see flaws in it. No one, except an occasional extremist, wants the law either repealed or left in force exactly as it is. The unfortunate part of the matter is that those who wish it amended have not as yet agreed as to just what amendments should be made.

Some of the broader-minded men of the unions are opposed, among other things, to the ease with which sailors can draw their money. That sounds strange, but there is a reason behind it. The sailor's life is monotonous. He takes long voyages, during which he has nothing to amuse him. Consequently, when he arrives in port, he immediately casts about for some way to make up for lost time. His amusements must be fast and furious. He finds it possible to draw half of what he has earned. He draws it. Half of what he has earned may not be a very large sum, so when he goes ashore bent on amusing himself he has no great difficulty in spending all or the greater portion of his money. It is in order to protect the sailor against himself that this provision of the law is suggested for amendment.

Last October a sailor was arrested in Philadelphia for not supporting his wife. He had just signed on a ship bound for Europe, and was to get good pay, as wages go on shipboard. He had a real hard-luck story, and it seemed to the Judge that circumstances had militated against the man. After giving the fellow a good talking to, the Judge allowed him to go. The man promised to bring home all the money he earned on the trip. Because of some one's oversight, his wages were not attached for his wife's support. He sailed, and was delayed in Europe for five months. His ship was held up on account of some difficulty, and most of the time was in a British port. Owing to the restrictions put on ships' crews at the present time, our man was hardly allowed to go ashore during all of that time. All of this resulted in a considerable saving on the part of the man in question.

In February his ship returned. She sailed to Boston, and was in port there eleven days. The day she arrived our man asked for $20. It was given him, and he proceeded to enjoy himself as he had not done for months. When he returned to the ship, the money was gone. He could get no more until five days had elapsed. At the end of that time, however, he got more, and spent it as he had the first. In another five days he got still more, and before the ship sailed he had spent that. From Boston the ship sailed to Philadelphia, arriving there after an absence of six months. The questionable hero was paid off, receiving but $152, which was all there was left of the $300 he had earned. In that time his wife, who had been forced to get work, had saved up more than half as much as he had, despite

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the fact that she had to pay for board and room.

This story was told me by the man himself; and I have heard many similar stories, each one proving that the average sailor cannot be trusted to take any sensible care of the money he earns. He does not seem to appreciate the value of money, for all that he works so hard for it.

The principal objection that officers seem to have to the present law is that the ease with which men may leave the ship tends toward decreasing discipline. If a man dislikes any little action taken by his officers, he may go ashore at the next port. Consequently, officers find it necessary to handle their men with gloves in order to keep their ships manned.

The landsman may find it difficult to realize the necessity for strict discipline on shipboard. It is hard to appreciate the dangers that exist at sea without being familiar with the reasons for their existence. Often the safety of the ship and the lives of every one on board depend on careful attention to little things. It is then that the sailors who are not well disciplined are likely to fail their officers.

It so happened that because of several days of thick weather the officers of the ship I was on were unable to get an observation from the time we passed Cay Frances, Cuba, until we arrived off Cape Hatteras, and as we approached the Cape we ran into a gale. We had sailed seven or eight hundred miles without being able to check our position carefully, and we could not tell accurately where we were. Fortunately, the captain's "sense of location" told him that we were getting uncomfortably close to Cape Hatteras. He sent a man aft to "heave the lead," ordering him to report every ten or fifteen minutes.

The man went aft to the patent lead, and reported several times. The soundings told the captain but little as to our exact position, so the man was ordered to continue his reports; "and be careful," the captain told him, "to keep the wire from getting twisted, or it will break and you will lose the lead."

The man went aft again, and failed to report for some time. The captain finally sent the second mate aft to see what the trouble was. The mate found that the man had carelessly let the wire get twisted, and had lost the lead, together with most of the wire. A considerable delay was experienced while another lead was secured and fastened to the windlass. The mate attended to the soundings this time, and had no more than hoisted the patent lead aboard when he dashed back to the bridge with the startling announcement that we were in but five fathoms of water. The ship was immediately put about; but it took us three hours to steam out of danger against a sixty-mile wind that was blowing. Another ten or fifteen minutes might have piled us up on Diamond Shoal—and our undisciplined seaman could easily have been the cause.

I fully believe that the difference in the wages received by American sailors and those sailing under European flags has very little to do with the failure of American ships to enter more widely into world trade. The conditions in the Pacific, where our competitors pay their men as little as eight dollars a month, may have a greater effect. With those conditions I am not familiar. However, it seems certain that owners whose ships operate in competition with European ships do not object to the slightly greater pay given American seamen. On a freight ship of thirty-five hundred tons, carrying a crew of twenty-six men, the American owner would pay but little more in wages than a British owner of a ship of the same size in the same trade.

But, as I said, the American owner does not object to the difference in wages. He does object, however, to the conditions that arise sometimes because of desertions when his ship is in some out-of-the-way port where it is difficult to ship more men. Under the present law deserters may not be retaken. They are entitled to one-half of the pay due them, and may openly go ashore with their belongings.

During March an American ship entered a sugar port in Cuba. It was at the height of the sugar season, and the mills were running night and day. It was difficult to get men, and the mills were offering $60 a month for firemen. The firemen on the American ship heard about the extraordinary wages offered by the sugar mill, and they immediately went ashore. They had been on the ship but six days, having come directly from Philadelphia, and so they were not out much when the captain refused to pay them more than half of what they had earned. On the ship they had been getting $45 a month. Of course with this they got their board and room. But the $60 offer proved too attractive for them

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to resist, and, without thinking of the cost of living ashore, they left. The ship was without a fireman, and for nine days she waited before men were finally secured. In that time the delay cost the ship's owners $10,800, and four of the firemen who had left came aboard the day the ship sailed, asking to be taken on for the return trip.

It seems undoubtedly true that the Caucasian is leaving the sea. More and more is he being supplanted by the Asiatic. Probably the principal reason for the change is the very great difference between the Oriental and the Occidental standards of living. The conditions in the forecastles of the few Asiatic-manned ships I have been on defy description. The food is apparently as different from that given European and American crews as are the quarters, and the pay the men receive bears as great a contrast.

The pay of an American seaman may be from $30 to $50 a month—seldom more; that of a European will run, in normal times, slightly less; but the pay of the Asiatic is more likely to be $8 or $9 a month. Even when large crews are carried, and that is often necessary because of the inefficiency of the men, the cost both in wages and in food is actually less than in American or European ships carrying one-half the number of men.

Many European ships, particularly under the British flag, are now being manned by Asiatics. I am not well informed as to the advantages and disadvantages of the Asiatic crew. It seems likely, however, either that the advantage of shipping Asiatics with their lower standards of living makes for better-paying ships or that Europeans are increasingly hard to get. Being a believer in efficiency, I prefer to accept the latter explanation.

A few years ago, when ocean freight rates barely kept alive the companies that were in the business, there were two directly competing companies in England. One had been run always with an eye to cutting expenses. When they built ships, they gave them no more and no better equipment than was necessary. When they manned them, they secured their men at as little cost as possible. The other company did things differently. When they built a ship, they gave her everything that was necessary and a great many things that were merely useful. They put heavy derricks on her decks; they made her working parts strong; they paid their men well. The two companies ran about even for some time. Then freight rates took another drop. At about the same time the ships of the first company began going to the shipyards for repairs. They were kept running, but occasionally they were laid up for one day or two days, or three, because of some minor trouble. All of this time the ships of the second company were kept going on schedule, never stopping, never wasting time. Finally the company with the cheap ships went to the wall; they could not pay the interest on their investment. But the company with the good ships actually managed to make money. They didn't make much, but they didn't fail. Their superior equipment, their better-paid men, and their ability to keep going paid the interest on the investment and a little in the way of dividends.

It is thus with American shipping. At the present time every one is making money. But the present time is not typical of conditions at sea. When rates have dropped, and all the ships now tied up in the harbors of the world are once more sent out into world trade, it will be only those ships that can keep going that will make money. Whether ships are forced to stay in port because of some mechanical trouble or because their men desert when men are hard to get will make no difference. The lines that cannot keep their ships going all the time are the lines that will fail. Then, when such conditions again arise, the American owner will have reason to call Congressional attention to the fact that ships cannot be successfully operated when the seamen are permitted to break their contracts with impunity.

The present Seamen's Act is good. To advocate its repeal would be to advocate trouble. Those who advocate its amendment are desirous of improving it. Do not give the sailor the right to break his contract; instead of that, control the contract he signs. Allow him to go ashore, if he so desires, in ports of the United States, but insist on his return from foreign ports with the ship he entered in. Allow him to draw half of what he has earned at any time, provided that amount does not exceed a certain small sum, unless the captain is convinced that there is actual need for more. Assist the sailor wherever it is possible; he needs assistance. But remember that one way to assist the sailor is to assist in the growth of the merchant marine, in order that a greater demand for men will lead to better pay and better treatment of men.

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WAR LETTERS OF AN AMERICAN WOMAN

THE FIRST INSTALLMENT OF THESE LETTERS WILL BE FOUND IN THE ISSUE OF THE OUTLOOK FOR AUGUST 2

Vannes, Morbihan, France, March 15, 1916.

YOU can imagine that we have little else in our minds at this moment but Verdun. It is like the first days of the war, when every noise in the streets made us listen, and when we bought every "latest edition," hardly able to wait to see the headlines! It is like, and yet how unlike! Then we had an inward trembling, almost a fear, knowing nothing of the outcome of things. Now, while there is always the anxiety due to waiting—and, in this case, to the gigantic forces in combat and the terrible stakes for which they are playing—there is, nevertheless, a feeling of security, of certainty in the final results. One is so proud of those little soldiers up there, of the way in which they march towards the front to the cadence of "*Ils ne passeront pas —passeront pas*," that one has no pity for any one except for those who stay behind.

Every morning I am awakened by the cries of the newspaper boys as they mount the hill, bringing the Paris papers from the station—"L'Echo de Paris," "Le Matin," "Le Petit Parisien." I confess that, in spite of myself, my heart does bound, for cries like theirs echoing through the streets hold so much of the unknown in them! In Paris one is not allowed now to cry out anything in the streets; and one understands the wisdom of the restriction in a great city.

No wounded from the Verdun front have been brought here; they all go to the Midi. The only echoes of the combat we have had were the coming of one hundred and fifty men from one of the hospitals near the front, evacuated to make room for the more seriously wounded, and little groups of men marching away. These latter are laden down with their accouterments, their blankets in a long roll under one arm and over the other shoulder; and the tramp they make is heavier than that of soldiers out for only a day's march. You learn to know it, and you run to the window to see them pass. The other day some went by, and by their sides ran many peasant women in their white *coiffes*—the mothers and sisters and sweethearts. One old woman held her son's hand, as far as my eye could follow, and though she was just in front of the officer commanding (he was by the side of the column) he did not in any way interfere. It was very pathetic. But the men's faces were all cheerful, and once in a while one would give a farewell nod or salute to some face in a window. Their courage seems to me the greater because they know now to what they are going, while those who went in the beginning were borne up by the unknown. But that they go like whipped animals, as the Germans would have you believe, is too absurd to refute!

For, like the German propaganda in America—hidden and insidious—there is also a German propaganda here in France—of which, fortunately, *the French are very much aware!* It takes many forms. There is the simple one of sheets of paper passed under the doors of the peasants' houses, with the French official news printed, and *under that* the official war news of Germany, printed with a difference. This for the sake of raising in the simple peasant minds doubts of their own Government! There are articles printed in German newspapers and then smuggled into France and translated, stories of men back from the French front fairly *dragged* to the train by the guards when their term of leave is over; stories purporting to come from the lips of French soldiers about their treatment and life at the front, etc.; many so visibly untrue that one wonders if the Germans think they are dealing with children or fools!

Every one of these is printed in return by the French newspapers, with most delightful comments. For the French have by no manner of means lost their sense of humor.

And then there is the far more poisonous form of propaganda, that of attempting to stir up class hatred; it is hinted and insinuated in any number of ways and places that no rich man and no priest is ever to be found fighting in the front trenches in France, that certain classes and certain sections of the country are always called upon to bear the brunt of the attack. And when these insinuations are run to ground, as one was recently, they are always found to have originated in and been spread abroad from Germany. And, last of all, there is the continual spreading abroad of doubts of England and the help she is giving France.

In an article recently translated from the "Berliner Tageblatt," an article almost fulsome

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in its flattery of the French resistance before Verdun—flattery which the French accepted at its proper valuation—there was this sentence at the end: "*Le sang de la France coule à flots, celui de l'Angleterre goutte à goutte.*" [The blood of France flows in floods, that of England drop by drop.] Did you ever hear anything more insidious? Fortunately the French are quick to recognize the viper lurking in their midst, and this insinuation was the text for a ringing article regarding England's help and England's losses.

Every day I admire the straightforward and quiet way in which the news is given to the public. If a position is lost, it is frankly admitted; if it is gained, that, too, is stated, but without exaggeration. One feels that one can rely implicitly on the bulletins from the front, and I have no doubt that the general calmness that one notices at this very moment [regarding Verdun] is due to the confidence those bulletins have inspired.

Apropos of no French priest ever being found at the front, I think I have time to tell you of something that was told me the other day by one of the surgeons as we were walking from one hospital to another. He was speaking of the unity of France, how all her factions and sects have been united as never before by the war—Catholic, Protestant, Jew—those for the Church and those against her (he himself was a Protestant). Then he told me how he himself had been told by some soldier or officer of a priest who at the front was comforting a wounded soldier, when the latter said, "I must tell you frankly I am a Protestant." "What difference does that make?" said the priest. "You and I worship the same God. In praying to my God for you I am sure to find your God too." The doctor had known, too, of Protestant pastors at the front who, in the absence of any priest, had read the Catholic prayers to dying Catholic soldiers who asked for them. And I myself read in the papers not long ago of a Jewish rabbi of Lyons. He was on the battlefield and passing by a wounded man, and the latter begged him for a crucifix. Seeing that the officer had not long to live, the rabbi ran back, sought for and found a crucifix, and had just put it into the hands of the dying man when he himself was instantly killed! And every day one reads the names of priests and of pastors who have taken their share in the battle, and have been given rewards and decorations for unusual conduct. As the surgeon said, with an undercurrent of emotion which communicated itself to me: "Nothing is impossible in a France thus united. Pray God she may continue after the war as she is now!"

After touching such realities as these, do you wonder that the echoes in some of the American papers that I sometimes see, of the search for pleasure and amusement in certain American circles, seem to come from some other planet and to touch the ears unpleasantly? An American does so want America, too, to be great at this moment!

To be well in a climate like this is to be a prodigal of health; snow lies two inches deep on the mimosas; the azaleas and rhododendrons have all turned brown under the frost; in one month we have had the most advanced spring, then the most abrupt fall into real winter, with many inches of snow; and just now we are having a thunder-storm with vivid lightning! The people of the town lay it to the intense cannonading at the front.

Oh, I must ask you to put your letters into thicker envelopes. Several have recently arrived split open on every side, but in only one, I think, was anything lost. This is written at such lightning speed that I wonder The Outlook will accept any of my letters! I am *so* glad that they are to be published (at least at times), for then the cause of these hospitals, and of France in general, can be known to a great number. Perhaps they will bring response.

Brittany, March 28, 1916.

You will realize how busy I have been in my new work of delivering bales, readdressing many which must go by local railways to tiny towns and hunting for others that have gone astray. I usually deliver the bales for the small towns in person, since to some there are no railways whatsoever, and to others the communication is very uncertain. The bales for the hospitals in large towns and cities are now delivered by the military authorities themselves, as it is becoming more and more difficult to find gasoline for private use, whereas the military authorities always have it. Their delivering the bales does not prevent my going afterwards to the various hospitals to see whether the *médecin-chefs* have received what they should. You can imagine that I am received with open arms! Such pleasure, such almost embarrassing gratitude!

Recently I was staying in a hotel where were also the *médecin-chefs* of five of the

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hospitals. On my arrival four of them bowed and smiled when I entered the dining-room as if I were an old, old friend returned. The fifth looked quite unhappy. After dinner, when they met me standing over the only radiator in the entrance hall, the fifth made haste to explain that he had received nothing, "*mais rien, rien!*" and his confrères had had such beautiful presents! Poor little man, I found that all his bales had gone astray. He had wondered if I personally had not liked his hospital, or if I had not thought it needy. "But we are the poorest in the town," he said. "You may ask all of the gentlemen here if it is not so." Having assured him that there would presently be something for him too, I left him thoroughly cheered and content. Next day I found his two bales—the first, in fact, which had arrived—black as the coal-dust which lay around them, overlooked in a corner of the freight depot. I felt as if I had found a lost lamb for the shepherd!

One afternoon we ran out to a little country town on the edge of the sea to a hospital which had been eight weeks before one of the poorest I had seen. We were happy to have five bales for it, among other things a dozen beds, *complets*. Arrived, we found it the afternoon for the *médecin-chef* of the whole district to make his monthly visit. He had with him two other doctors and the doctor of the hospital itself. Nothing would do but that the bales must be opened before them by the doctor's wife, and *everything* held up for inspection, amid many exclamations as to the splendid quality of the things and compliments to the Fund.

Afterwards we were all invited to tea in one of the (then empty) wards. One of the doctors had been at Arras when his own hospital, with the wounded in it, had been bombarded by the enemy. Such descriptions as he gave—brief but vivid! All the others had served at the front at one time or another, and had equally vivid stories to tell. The talk turned naturally toward America, since they knew me to be an American, and the discussion was for a while very lively—one maintaining that it would have been impossible for us as a Government to have done other than we have done; another protesting that we might have come forward and spoken out as regards Belgium; a third surprising me by saying that *individually* we Americans had shown great friendliness towards France and understanding of her (always, even before the war), but that *collectively* America neither understood nor admired France. As this surgeon was most intelligent and had many American friends, his opinion was received by the others with great respect. I hastened, as far I was able, to urge that this was *not* the case; that we had never forgotten what Lafayette and Rochambeau and others had done for us as a little, struggling Nation; but he was not to be persuaded.

After tea, when I visited the various wards, I was surprised and delighted to find them quite transformed by means of whitewash and paint, new shelves everywhere, a second staircase added, a bath about to be installed, and running water—all this due to the generous gift of an American man who had come since my last visit. I felt as if it had been a personal favor, as this hospital had been very much on my mind.

Recently I had the opportunity to be present at the giving of the medals for valor to a group of men just able to be up and about, though still under hospital treatment. The soldiers from the garrisons of the town and those from various hospitals, headed by drum and fife corps, began to march through the town, with banners waving, almost an hour before the ceremony began. Wounded men hobbled in twos and threes, others rode in autos loaned for the occasion, peasants came in their two-wheeled carts, and all the population of the town was out, including hundreds of small boys—for it was Thursday afternoon, the school holiday. When I arrived at the Champs de Mars, the militia had already surrounded it on three sides, standing in close rank, at attention. We squeezed into the front row on the fourth side. For some time the square itself was empty, save for a drum corps and one or two officers, including the colonel, who was to present the medals.

By and by a bugle sounded, the soldiers presented arms, and there marched into the square in a long, wavering line thirty-eight men, poor crippled creatures, with canes or crutches, pale, hobbling, legless or armless, in faded uniforms of every description. At the end of the line was a man of about fifty in civilian clothes who was to receive his dead son's medal. The little procession would have been comic had it not been so fearfully tragic. They formed in line, facing the crowd. There was a fanfare of trumpets and every one became very still. The colonel unsheathed his sword and, pointing it directly at the first man

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of the row, read aloud the man's name and recited the act or acts of bravery for which he was being decorated. Then, dropping his sword into the hand of an aide, he pinned upon the man's breast two medals, the Croix de Guerre and the Médaille Militaire. While he was attaching them he talked to the man in a quiet, informal way, and the man's face flushed and wore an expression of mingled embarrassment and pleasure. The medals once fixed, the colonel put a hand on each shoulder of the soldier and kissed him in a fatherly fashion on either cheek. I can tell you it was touching!

It was pretty to see the way in which the officer went down the line, one by one, bringing a blush to this one's cheeks and a smile to another's face, and receiving himself always a kiss in return—a timid salute or a hearty smack. The ceremony was long, and more than once I saw a man waver from side to side from weakness or lean heavily on his crutches. Some were so pale that I held my breath. Finally, when one had collapsed upon the shoulder of the next in line and was carried away, orders were given for the others to fall out of the line and to sit just in front upon a couple of benches. The man who was to receive his dead son's medal did not have it pinned upon his coat, but given in a little box. Nor did he receive any kiss. Poor man! as he stood there with bared head in the rain I felt as if he was the most pathetic of them all. And then the ceremony was over and the crowd surged into the square to shake hands with and congratulate their heroes.

As I turned away I said to the little Frenchwoman who had come with me: "I regret only one thing—that all your soldiers who have borne the brunt of this terrible war at the front should not each receive a medal for his bravery."

And a man standing beside me, one of the officials of the city who had given me permission to photograph the scene, spoke up and said: "You are quite right, madame. Every one of our brave boys should have a medal. There are thousands and thousands whose deeds of heroism are never known and never publicly rewarded. We hope the Government will give each his medal when the war is over." For several hours the whole of the little town was given over to rejoicing and holiday-making. I myself had been invited by one of the ladies who knew why I was in the city to go down to the Foyer du Soldat, a sort of club, organized by the town, where the soldiers can always find newspapers and magazines, tea or coffee, and a warm welcome. For there are many soldiers who have no friends in the town. Moreover, the town wishes to exercise the best possible sort of influence upon the soldier during his leisure moments.

This afternoon there had been organized a sort of fête, and some *artistes* had come from a large city to play a little comedy and to give a pretty operetta in which the characters were all Breton. The little hall and its balcony were jammed with soldiers. There were no civilians save the Mayor and one or two ladies. I sat where I could see the audience rather than the stage, and the faces of the audience were to me the thing worth watching. How they did enjoy the comedy, and, above all, the Breton characters! There were such splendid faces there, all so full of firmness and character, and when the laughter had died away the eyes were all so grave—like those of men who have seen great things. It was especially noticeable after my friend had sung the song of a bugler who, wounded in the fight, sounds the call to go forward until he can play no longer.

I wondered why she had chosen a theme so very near to the reality of things. But I have noticed all along that the French do not gloss over with high-sounding phrases the terribleness or the brutality of war. Every man who goes out knows, if only from what the newspapers tell him, to what he is going—nothing is hidden, nothing minimized. I wonder if that is why they are such dogged little fighters?

Hôtel de la Croix d'Or,
Valence, Drôme, France, May 30, 1916.

Some day I must tell you of our trip across France—Vannes, Nantes, Angers, Tours, Bourges, Moulins, St. Étienne, Valence. It was *all* of it beautiful country. I had no idea that central France was so varied and so wonderfully picturesque. We bathed in the morning in water almost too hot for my hands, taken directly from a spring, without artificial heating. Did you know that there were any in France? Here, too, the nightingales sang as if it were day in a garden across from our window.

On our way to Bourges we lunched at the Bon Laboureur, at Chenonceaux. Do you remember how we lunched there when we went to see the Château? Miss H.

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had never seen it, and we walked down its long avenue of approach, hoping to get a glimpse of its gardens, when I met the same old custodian, his breast covered with medals. When he saw our red crosses, he told us to go in, go in—the Château was a hospital, didn't we know it? You can't imagine how strange it seemed to see that long hall of Catherine de Medici's, built over the river, now turned into a ward for one hundred and seventy men! There are two operating-rooms, too, beautifully equipped. And the *rayon-X* room is the green tapestry room, with the portrait of Catherine looking down from that wonderful mantelpiece. I never dreamed of seeing such a transformation. Monsieur Meunier, the present owner, has spent thousands in the equipment, and not a plank nor a nail but has been so placed that when it is withdrawn or taken down it will leave no trace of having been there. I think the views from the wards and operating-rooms would almost make me well.

Here in Valence the whole country makes me think of Italy—the dazzling sunshine, the clear-cut outlines, the blue, blue sky, the cool, limpid evening light, the nightingales, and even the dust! It is a beautiful country, with the swift Rhône and the mountains inclosing a narrow strip of valley on either side. We have an immense number of hospitals on our list—about five hundred in all—and we expect to work like Trojans.

Before I close this long letter I must tell you of one hospital in the vicinity that I visited two days ago. If you speak of this, don't say where it is. I wouldn't hurt the nice surgeon or the equally charming *directeur* for all the world. They were so delightfully friendly, and seemed to find my sympathy and understanding so welcome. Somehow I thought them more friendly than ever when I said I was an American. Apropos of a gift I am making through some of the money sent me by our kind American friends, the surgeon wrote me: "*Notre hôpital est probablement un des plus humbles et des plus modestes que vous ayez visités, mais je sais que c'est pour vous une raison de vous y interesser davantage.*" One of the humblest and the most modest! It was an abandoned factory of the most primitive sort; most of the staircases are open like ladders; the ground-floor is still a sort of lumber and storage place; in some of the wards (if they can be dignified by that name) the windows are high up in the wall, as if to give the workmen who were once there light upon their machinery; ceilings are in places upheld by rough, unpainted posts; the floors are uneven, worn away, and without a vestige of polish or surface; I saw no electricity or lighting anywhere save in the little operating-room; I need not describe the beds to you—you know what they were like from others I have described. The only water is a tap in the lower entry. In one place, to close up an open loft, the *directeur* had begged of a theater in a neighboring town a drop-curtain upon which were painted a castle and moat and a wonderful cascade. He was very proud of this piece of ingenuity—and I was proud, not only of his ingenuity, but of his courage everywhere. He said he had been discouraged when he first saw the building, but that he had begged and borrowed, and they had cleaned and painted, and that now it was really very homelike. The walls in one corridor were covered with life-size figures of soldiers, cannon, scenes from trench life. One of their *blessés* had been a real artist, and had tried to do his part to render the place gayer during his days of convalescence. The two little operating-rooms and bandaging-rooms were bright with green paint, and as clean and orderly as heart could desire. This is a hospital of one hundred and twenty, of serious operations for eyes and ears and nose and trepanning. Only that morning they had had an operation for double-trepanning. But, oh, it was a pathetic place! And all the more so because they were so bent on pointing out what they *did* have, and on showing how happy their men were. I saw man after man from Verdun, many poor fellows with eyes and heads bandaged, many who would never see again. The *administrateur* and the *médecin-chef* were so dear with their men. It was "*mon brave*," or "*mon garçon*," or "*mon petit*"—or a little pat on the shoulder, or a word of admiration for this one and encouragement for that. It is astonishing how quickly you know the character of the surgeon by the atmosphere the men live in. That tumble-down old place was full of smiling faces! For an instant I myself forgot it all. And then I felt as if I *must* do something for them, and I was so glad to feel that I could. I don't believe you can begin to realize what it means to have some money in the face of such desperate needs. It is the very greatest happiness I have ever known. So then we went back to the little operating-room, sat down on three-legged

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stools, and there we planned like children! I am going to put in running water for them, and linoleum on the operating floor, and give some tables and chairs to the wards (they have practically none); and the Fund is to be asked for clothing and pillows (they have *none*) and some instruments. Somehow, when I came in to-night and found a letter already waiting to welcome me from the *médecin-chef*, thanking me and my compatriots so genuinely and sincerely for what we were to do, I felt as uplifted as if I were walking on air. I wish every one who has helped me to give these things could know it. . . .

When I arrived here, I found already twelve letters awaiting me, and one mail alone brought me thirty-six. I am swamped again. But the letters I receive are really too splendid; everywhere in America people are helping. It is so satisfying that one wants to answer every one.

WHAT CO-OPERATION IS DOING FOR PUYALLUP

BY LEWIS EDWIN THEISS

SEVENTEEN years ago, roughly, a young bank clerk in Tacoma, Washington, got the craving to go back to the soil. A bank clerk's wages are small, and his advancement usually waits on death. Banking did not seem to offer much to this young man. On the other hand, the land presented a promising prospect. On every hand opportunity seemed to beckon. Crystal streams flowed through the near-by bottom lands. The black, virgin soil was so rich that vegetation sprang up overnight. One had only to tickle the earth with a hoe and it burst into a smile of golden fruits and berries. The prospect was too alluring to be resisted. The young man gave up his bank position, bought a few acres in a modern Eden called Puyallup, some eight miles from Tacoma, and became, like most of his neighbors, a fruit and berry raiser.

Nature lived up to her promises. The earth brought forth abundantly. The harvest never failed. But, to his surprise, the young agriculturist could hardly make a living. His salary as a bank clerk was munificence compared to his returns as a farmer. He raised excellent products, but he could get nothing for them. A crate of berries—the principal crop—brought on an average less than seventy-five cents. That price hardly paid for the crate and the labor involved in production. And what was true of the young bank clerk was true of all the berry-raisers in the valley. They were a people hungry in the midst of plenty.

To-day those same people are happy and prosperous. Their returns from their labors have more than doubled. The same acreage that once barely supported them now furnishes abundance. They have beautiful little homes, the very picture of comfort and contentment. A decade has changed them from a community in want to a village of abundance. Co-operation and William H. Paulhamus did it.

Mr. Paulhamus was the bank clerk. His business training and his familiarity with figures enabled him to put his finger on the weak spot in his agricultural venture. He found that everybody in the valley was cutting everybody else's throat. Each man was ready to undersell his neighbor. Taking advantage of this situation, the fruit-buyers had beaten prices down to the lowest possible level. Yet this situation profited the consumer not at all. He was being gouged, and the middleman was battening on the rich harvest. Mr. Paulhamus called together the leading berry-raisers of Puyallup and the neighboring town of Sumner, and pointed these things out. "In union there is strength," said he. "Also there is a good living. Let us get together."

They got together, and in June, 1902, the Puyallup and Sumner Fruit-Growers' Association was incorporated under the laws of the State of Washington. This association was peculiar. It was intended more as a tie that binds than as a corporation to engage in business. To that end the capital stock of

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the Association was limited to 2,000 shares of one dollar each. One share entitled the holder to the full privileges of membership. Fifteen shares was the maximum number that one person might hold. And the owner of fifteen shares had no advantage over the holder of one share, because only one vote was allowed each shareholder, irrespective of the size of his holdings. Practically every fruit and berry raiser in the two villages joined the society. At the end of the year 1911 there were 1,300 members, who held 1,935 shares of stock, an average holding of approximately one and one-half shares each. By the end of 1915 there were 1,800 members.

It mattered not whether the producer had ten acres of land or a city lot. If he raised berries or fruit, he was welcomed into the society. Thus the man who earned his living by agriculture and the housewife who raised a few berries in her back yard to sell were equally desired as members. In this connection it is interesting to note that the individual holdings of land among the society members vary from the seventeen acres of Mr. Paulhamus down to many mere garden plots, the average holding being two to three acres. What Mr. Paulhamus was trying to do was to get all the people to work with one another instead of working against one another. And the constitution of the society made it obligatory upon each member to deliver *all* of his products to the society. A stockholder disposing of any of his products elsewhere was dropped from the Association.

Thus combined, the fruit-growers were able to control a situation that had formerly controlled them. Their combined products made their trade worth having; so they were able to secure agents of the best kind to represent them in the various cities to which their products were shipped. Henceforth, instead of selling their fruit individually to commission men for what they could get, the Association members sold it collectively direct to wholesalers for what it was worth. They allowed their agents a commission of two and one-half per cent on all sales. Under this new arrangement the producers receive more than twice as much as they did under the old plan, and the price to the ultimate consumer is not increased. The Association has merely eliminated a lot of speculative middlemen. In 1911, for instance, the Association members sold their raspberries at an average price of $1.45 a crate—certainly not an excessive sum for a producer to receive—as against less than seventy-five cents a crate received before the society was formed.

Strangely enough, no sales were made by the society itself. The society does not buy products from its members. It sells products for its members. That is its purpose. It does not take their products and at stated times declare dividends, as the average co-operative corporation might. Instead, it acts merely as the collecting and selling agent, handling the combined products as a unit, but turning the proceeds from their sale directly over to the owners. Thus, instead of getting dividends, each member receives the direct income from his sales. He gets his *pro rata* share from all pools to which he has contributed fruit. Thus, for instance, a producer might have berries to sell on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday only. In that case he would share only in the money received on those days, and only in proportion to his contribution to the total amount sold. This plan insures absolute fairness. The man who by diligence has early berries gets the profit from the greater return. He does not have to strike an average with some slothful producer whose berries come later. Thus each person gets the full rewards of his own diligence. The only part that the Association plays in the sales is that it pools all products day after day, selling them as a unit. The proceeds go, not to the society, but to the individuals who contributed to the pools.

One inevitable result of the increase in prices that followed the formation of the Association was a greater production of fruits and berries. Producers had now an incentive to labor. More people became producers, and old producers increased their acreage. The market became glutted, and the co-operative effort appeared to be endangered by its very success. But President Paulhamus—for Mr. Paulhamus became, and still is, President of the Association—found a way out of this difficulty. He built a cannery to take care of the surplus.

Just as soon as products become so abundant as to depress prices badly the cannery begins operations. That relieves the glut. Beginning with the berry season, the cannery runs until the end of the fruit season, late in the fall. By its help the price of products is kept at a fair level. Furthermore, every particle of fruit or berries produced is thus used. No Puyallup products go to waste.

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What cannot be sold fresh are canned. Thus the cannery, which tends to keep prices up for the producers, tends also to keep them down for the consumers by conserving the supply.

Ordinarily there is little of interest about a cannery. But the Puyallup cannery is out of the ordinary—at least in the manner of its genesis. The Puyallup cannery is a $50,000 plant. It is owned by a corporation with a capital stock of only $2,000. And the members of the corporation have never paid one cent toward its erection. It is, in short, a by-product of their operations. As President Paulhamus puts it, the factory was built "out of crumbs." These crumbs were little savings that he has managed to effect here and there—little sums that he has scaled off from this sale and that. No member has ever been assessed a penny for the factory, and yet each is an owner in this valuable plant.

Perhaps I can best illustrate the meaning of the term "crumbs" by quoting from the Association's annual report for the year 1911. This report shows that the following fruit was shipped fresh:

786	crates of	blackcaps
866	"	cherries
3,798	"	currants
3,853	"	loganberries
15,248	"	strawberries
26,358	"	blackberries
53,149	"	raspberries

In 1912 the raspberry shipments increased to 69,391 crates. In 1915 174,431 crates of raspberries were sold. There were also small shipments of various other products.

In 1912 the cannery preserved products in these amounts:

18,012	pounds of	beans
23,286	"	squash
79,807	"	cabbage
13,662	"	loganberries
35,952	"	cherries
71,168	"	apples
98,296	"	plums
161,022	"	strawberries
162,190	"	raspberries
204,375	"	rhubarb
239,530	"	pears
1,758,775	"	blackberries

Last year 3,000,000 pounds of raspberries were canned. These products were put up in gallon cans, each can weighing four pounds ten ounces. In 1912 the blackberries canned alone filled 696,000 cans. And it has been estimated that these blackberries, if strung together, would form a necklace 7,000 miles long. The 1911 report shows that the volume of business for that year was $90,000 greater than for the preceding year. All told nearly half a million dollars was received. Yet the Association, which pooled and handled these half million dollars' worth of products, netted a profit of only $8,000. Certainly that is a very small crumb indeed. Last year the business of the Association increased to more than $1,600,000. The crumb of profit was $17,000. The factories being paid for, this crumb went into the surplus, which now totals almost $117,000.

Practically all of the money received from sales went directly to the producers. They got their sales money and they have a factory besides, and the $8,000 went to increase the facilities of that factory. No wonder they keep William H. Paulhamus as President. Nor is it any wonder that they sent him to the State Senate, and that the Senate likewise made him President. But that is another story.

In the beginning this factory was a little structure only 50 x 150 feet in size. Now it has three and one-half acres of floor space. It is run in a most sanitary fashion, and it has the advantage of getting none but the freshest of products to can. It employs as many as 300 employees. Most of these are women. They earn $1.50 to $3 a day, depending upon the number of hours they work and the amount they accomplish. There is a large, comfortable rest-room in the factory for them, where they may bring their children or friends. Working conditions are made very pleasant.

In order to secure the best prices possible for his people President Paulhamus tries to assist them to have the best possible products. He encourages them in intensive, scientific farming. For instance, he has urged his members to raise hens. Hens are of value to the berry-raiser. They eat destructive moths and worms that might harm the bushes. They scratch the soil, and they enrich it with their droppings. President Paulhamus buys the eggs. But these eggs, like fruits and berries, must be of the best. No egg is accepted that is more than two days old. These eggs are carefully handled and the greatest care is used to get them to the consumer clean and fresh. The result is that Puyallup eggs, like Puyallup fruit, bring a high price. It is a motto of the Association that everything bearing the name Puyallup must be absolutely of the best. President

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Paulhamus wants good prices, but he wants them for value received.

These prices, naturally, have made fat pocketbooks for Association members. Their earnings vary from $150 to $300 an acre, averaging about $225 an acre. Thus the members with ten or fifteen acres, who earn their livelihood wholly by farming, have a generous living, and those who cultivate an acre or two as side issues have abundant spending money. But President Paulhamus doesn't let them spend it all. He believes that thrift is the true basis of prosperity. So he encourages thrift by using the members' money to run the Association. In the beginning he had to borrow money from the banks to conduct the cannery ; now he borrows from Association members. He pays them eight per cent interest. For the convenience of depositors interest is declared monthly, and any depositor can withdraw his money at any time. The result of this policy is that the Association has on hand thousands of dollars belonging to its own members. It is financially independent. The 1915 report shows membership deposits of more than $91,000.

Better than that, even, the members of the Association are closely drawn together. Therein is the final purpose of the Association fulfilled. For it was intended, as we have seen, only as an instrument to hold the people together. The corporation pays no dividends. But it eliminates conflict between stockholder and shipper.

Nor has the principle of co-operation been allowed to stop here. Discovering the advantage of selling together, the Association was not long in learning to buy together. The first article purchased in this way was baled hay, which is costly in Washington. Then came other kinds of feed—corn, wheat, meal. Flour and food for humans naturally followed, and coal and other fuel. From time to time new articles are added to the co-operative list. These are furnished to the members at cost. This elimination of middlemen makes the prices of these com modities much less than the average retail prices. Flour, for instance, was sold by the Association to its members at $1 a sack. The average retail price was $1.35 a sack. One unexpected result of this has been a lowering of prices for Association members elsewhere. It has now become a practice for merchants in the region to ask customers where they live. If they are from the happy valley of Puyallup, they get one price. If they live elsewhere, they pay another. Thus has co-operation twice blessed Puyallup. It has brought them more money, and it has brought them more for their money.

In still another way has co-operation affected the village life. The cannery has become a sort of medium for exchange. A great blackboard has been erected in one of the buildings for posting notices. This is really the town center. Here one reads such signs as these :

John Smith wants to exchange a bone-cutter for a harrow.

William Jones wants to buy twenty-five loads of wood.

Henry Robinson needs three dozen eggs for a setting.

In short, the village life centers around this remarkable factory, and among the villagers themselves there is a unity of feeling and interest of the most unusual sort. Thus the Puyallup Co-operative Association is far more than a merely commercial corporation. It has become in very truth "the tie that binds."

As for the man who created it all, he is a stocky, ruddy, jolly sort of man, who fairly radiates kindliness and good feeling. That he is a hustler goes without saying. But he hustles in a kindly way. In politics he is a Bull Mooser. He wants every man to have a fair show, and everybody to have enough to eat. His ideal of prosperity is one in which everybody shares. President Paulhamus has rare business sagacity and executive ability. Yet it is doubtful if he will ever be exceedingly wealthy. He spends too much of his time working for the common good. In what estimation he is held by his fellows may easily be guessed. They make him president of almost everything he gets into. Like Washington, he is first in the hearts of his countrymen. Dean Swift gave it as his opinion that "whoever could make two ears of corn or two blades of grass to grow upon a spot of ground where only one grew before would deserve better of mankind, and do more essential service to his country, than the whole race of politicians put together." Judged by this standard, Mr. Paulhamus ranks high. He has increased the berry crop, doubled the income therefrom, and is a politician into the bargain.

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MISSED

BY AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

Poor little angel! Surely 'twas a blunder
That pronged your wings and let the horns prick through
Your golden halo! Did God drowse, I wonder,
When he was making you?

Perhaps he added to a perfect devil
A touch of angel, in that moment's nod—
Then, waking, dropped the failure to the level
Where men and women plod.

Your aping of humanity is clever,
And yet . . . I've seen you when the gay mask fell
Just for a sigh! Are you at heart forever
Homesick for heaven—or hell?

BROTHERS

BY ELIAS LIEBERMAN

Noon in the park. . . . A tropic sun
  Dazzles with light and chokes with heat.
Sleepers about you. . . . Notice one
  Stretching his length on a wooden seat.
His face is blotched and puffy and seared,
  Sweat drips from the clammy skin;
Flies romp on a stubble of beard,—
  A bundle of dirt with a soul therein.

Noon at the club. . . . A welcome shade
  Dulls the light and cools the heat.
Gentleman seated. . . . Lemonade
  Dashed with cognac and something sweet.
Arms dangling limply down,
  Feet tapping the polished floor. . . .
Yawning and stretching. . . . No one in town. . . .
  Not a soul. . . . What a beastly bore!

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PÈRE PERRIN AND HIS PEOPLE

BY JEAN CARTER COCHRAN

The author of this sketch has lived in China and is familiar with village and missionary life in that country. We have published two previous sketches by her—one, "Weh Sao-tze, the Militant," in our issue of March 8, 1916, and the other, "The Shadow on the Light of Asia," in our issue of July 12, 1916. Miss Cochran writes to us as follows regarding Père Perrin:

"The sketch I inclose is an account of Père Perrin, a French priest. We hear so much of the division between the Catholics and the Protestants on the mission field that I thought your readers might be interested in this incident, which seems to me to be a very beautiful one. I have copied verbatim the letter from Père Perrin, hence the rather quaint English. Some of the French and Belgian priests are saintly and devoted men. Coming from high rank, they live in great simplicity, never returning home."—THE EDITORS.

THREE ravens flew overhead, their black wings casting a sinister shadow over the land; suddenly with hoarse croaks they wheeled and descended on a brown field where not even a blade of dried grass showed where plenty had once been.

"If our friends the ravens find food to eat in this forlorn country, it is more than we shall do, Père Perrin."

Père Perrin shook his head sadly. "Now I know what 'the abomination of desolation' means, Père Le Brun; I always used to wonder. Look, we are coming to the Chang village. We shall soon see what our poor children are suffering here."

Slowly they plodded to the little hamlet, footsore, weary, and sorrowful with the sights they had seen and the stories they had heard. Père Perrin fingered his rosary, and his lips moved constantly, though no sound escaped them. Père Le Brun knew he was praying for his flock.

For fifty years had these two good Fathers lived in China. They had studied at the same seminary in France and sailed on the same ship to the Far East. The result of this daily, hourly companionship was, as Père Le Brun used laughingly to say, "We even think the same thoughts, we have no need to talk."

They had often seen destitution. In good years the streets were full of hungry people; but in the past summer there had been floods that broke all records, and during the winter came the most appalling famine they had ever known. With the February cold terrible rumors reached them of the conditions in their country parishes, so they had decided to make a tour of inspection to see what could be done. The results confirmed their worst fears, and Père Le Brun noticed that Père Perrin seemed to age from day to day.

On the outskirts of the village they met an old man in a single ragged garment, his teeth chattering when the cold wind struck him. At first they did not recognize him, but he approached them and began to speak; then they saw, to their consternation, that it was Chang, the head man of the hamlet, who had been a prosperous, well-dressed farmer the last time they had seen him. Even in his misery he did not forget his native courtesy. "Ah, good Fathers, are you out in the country?" (It is always proper in China to ask an obvious question by way of salutation.)

"Yes, Mr. Chang, we are visiting our hungry sheep. But," in surprise, "where are your doors and windows, and where are the roofs of your houses?"

"The hungry wolf has come and eaten them all, Père Perrin."

It was easy to see that grim want was stalking through the village. A crowd of hungry, gaunt people soon gathered, clad in rags and with the look of famished animals; it was a quiet, orderly group, however, no demonstration being made and only dumb curiosity and wonder being shown. They had been a respectable people in their prosperity, and they were equally peaceful in their adversity. A few scrawny little hands tugged at the skirts of the Fathers' gowns, remembering the sweetmeats that they had always carried for them on other visits. Their friends had not forgotten the little ones, and they were soon munching solemnly.

Père Perrin turned again to Mr. Chang. "I see there are no pigs or dogs in sight. Are they all gone? What are you living on?"

"The scum from the ponds and the bark from the trees will have to keep us until next harvest."

The kindly priest groaned, and, drawing a purse, opened it and took out a few Mexican dollars. "Take it, Mr. Chang, and buy yourself

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and the villagers food. I wish it was twice as much; but it is all we have left from our last remittance. The next is not due for another month."

The Chinaman shook his head. "It's no use, Père Perrin, it's no use. There's no food to buy nearer than the Fu, and we are too weak to walk there and carry supplies; our buffaloes are gone long ago."

Père Perrin sighed, but returned the purse to his pocket. He knew the man spoke truly and that he must save his scanty store for those it could succor.

He said a sorrowful farewell to the villagers, and, raising his hand in blessing, turned and left them.

"My blessing was all that I could give them," he said to Père Le Brun, sadly, as they started on their homeward way.

It was noon when they left the Chang village, and they did not reach the Fu until late in the evening. They had had no food, as there was none to buy. Hungry and almost fainting, they stumbled along the deep ruts of the narrow roads, and it was with much relief that they saw the little twinkling lights of the distant city. When they reached their humble Chinese house, Père Perrin refused to eat.

"I fast to-night with my starving people," he replied to his faithful servant, Lao Liu, when he urged the evening bowl of rice upon the exhausted Father.

After a few minutes' rest, Père Perrin quietly arose and went into their tiny chapel. All the long hours of that night he spent in prayer for the famished multitudes.

"I simply had to say my *Pater Nosters*, for if ever my children need their daily bread, it is to-day," explained Père Perrin as the two Fathers lingered a little longer than usual over their frugal breakfast.

While he was speaking Lao Liu entered and handed Père Perrin a note; he told them that it had just come by special messenger from Fengtifu. Père Perrin opened the letter, which was from an American medical missionary, and read it aloud—the two old men had no secrets from one another. It ran as follows:

Fengtifu.

My dear Père Perrin:

Our friends in America have sent my colleagues and myself money for famine relief work; the American Red Cross Society has also put supplies at our disposal. On behalf of our station and the Famine Relief Committee, I am sending you five hundred dollars for use in your district; later I hope to increase the amount. You and I realize, Père Perrin, that hunger knows no creed. With kindest regards for Père Le Brun and yourself,

Sincerely yours, X.

Père Perrin laid the letter down, and for a moment could not speak; then he said: "*Le bon Dieu* never forgets us, Père Le Brun; surely he has prompted this thought of the benevolent American doctor. I cannot help feeling that he must regard our friend with especial love, he puts so many kind things into his heart to do. Do you remember, when the doctor operated on my eyes two years ago, he insisted, because there was no room at that time for foreigners in the hospital, that I should stay in his own home, and what tender care both he and his wife gave me? I have changed my mind a little about heretics since I knew them. It may be, Père Le Brun, that when at last we reach heaven's high gate the kind Americans will speak the word for us to good St. Peter that will let us in."

There was little time for talk, however, with the ready money at hand and the poor dying at their doors. With all his gentle ways, Père Perrin had a great deal of executive ability, and it did not take him long to lay out a campaign.

"Père Le Brun, perhaps it would be better for you to go to Wuhu and oversee the work there. I will stay here and forward supplies to you as they come in; you can take two of the lay helpers with you. I shall live in the house-boat at present, to be ready to receive the stores as soon as they come up the river. Before you go we must send a barrow of provisions to the Chang village. I cannot get those poor, patient people off my mind."

Thus quickly was relief work under way; but before leaving for the boat Père Perrin wrote the following letter:

March 1st, 1911.

Dear Dr. X.:

I thank you most heartily for your kind letter and your sympathy toward our poor Christians. Poor certainly they are, and in some districts the starving are the great majority. In one locality, for instance, where the ground is low and can hardly support the inhabitants in good years, the mortality has been very great and must still but increase. Our work is now too extensive for our resources and the laws passed against the church oblige our friends at home to start so many good works that the alms sent out to foreign missions are yearly decreasing.

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If difficult to balance the account in common years, what difficulty in a time of famine. And yet it is not this reason that prompts me to appreciate your kindness, when you cut out such a big part of your own funds to be able to help us. There are many pagans as destitute as our Christians, but you see in them people redeemed by the blood of our Saviour, sons of the same Lord, future partakers, as I hope, of eternal bliss and there united forever. What you are doing now is one of such deeds that must be known "*ut videant opera vestra bona et glorificent Patrem vestrum qui in cælo est.*" I trust it will lead some to a better view of things and destroy some prejudice, there are so many here on earth.

I will distribute your funds to the different districts, requesting our missionaries to have it served out to our Christians in your name; and require them to pray at all our intentions especially for you and the mission staff of your station.

I will do the same myself and beseech our Lord to supply me in granting His divine blessing. Believe me, dear doctor,

Yours most faithfully,

PERRIN.
F.

During the next few weeks Père Perrin hardly took time to eat; friendly officials promised to aid him, but he had to superintend everything to see that the people received their due portion and that none of it stuck to official fingers. Rumors began to reach him that illness had broken out in Fengtifu and that the people were dying like flies; at length a Chinese came to him with a sad face and told him that he had just had a letter from his brother in that city, saying that the doctor and another missionary had been stricken and that the doctor's life was despaired of.

"It is strange, Père Perrin, but the people in the street who love him for his kind deeds are saying, 'He saved others, himself he cannot save.' They do not know it was said of one other long ago."

"Nor do they know the power of prayer to our good God," replied Père Perrin.

Immediately Père Perrin sent word to all his chapels that the priests should pray twice daily for his friend's recovery. He himself worked all day, and, now that Père Le Brun was away, no one knew how long were his night vigils on behalf of his people and the men who lay so ill.

Human frame could not stand the strain; one morning he awoke too giddy to arise and burning with fever. Lao Liu wished to send immediately for Père Le Brun, but he strictly forbade him.

"Would you have all those people he is saving die? It is bad enough for me to give up. Neither will I have him exposed to the contagion. For the same reason you may not take me to the hospital at Fengtifu; I will not endanger the lives of our friends there. We must worry through alone."

Unfortunately, Pére Perrin's idea of medicine and the treatment of fevers had been brought with him from France fifty years before. He ordered Lao Liu to seal up the windows, so that no breath of air should touch him, and to give him no water no matter how much he might plead for it. Under this regimen he grew steadily worse, and finally, at the end of the week, gave in to Lao Liu's entreaties that the boat should sail up the river to Fengtifu. Almost delirious, Père Perrin wrote a note to the hospital, asking for shelter. His English was almost forgotten, and the letter written by fever-shaken fingers was so illegible that the Americans could not read it. The consequence was, when Lao Liu arrived with his loved master on a stretcher, they were not prepared for a patient; but they all loved Père Perrin, and a vacant room was soon made ready and the old priest resting comfortably in a clean bed. His friend the doctor had passed the crisis, and was slowly coming back to the life he thought he had laid down forever; he was still too ill to attend Père Perrin, but the same skillful doctor and nurse who had saved him were eager to serve the saintly priest. Everything that human tenderness could do was done, but, worn out with privations and long vigils, Père Perrin gradually sank. Père Le Brun was sent for, and one glance at Père Perrin told him the story. He asked that he might administer the last rites, and the sad office was soon performed. When the little service was over, he still knelt beside his old comrade; the nurse standing near saw the sick man's lips moving, and she whispered to Père Le Brun:

"Look, he is trying to speak."

Père Le Brun shook his head and answered, "Père Perrin always prayed as he lived, and he will die praying."

It was a beautiful May morning when Père Perrin went to sleep. The gardens were full of the scent of blossoms and all the walks were edged with iris; the arches were covered with a little white climbing rose which

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the Chinese call the "Tree of Fragrance," that looked like a filmy cloud against the blue background of the sky.

They gave Père Perrin of the best they had, softly lining the rude coffin and casting over it a pall of purple cloth. On it they laid a cross of lavender iris.

"He deserves a monarch's colors," they told Père Le Brun, "though we doubt if any monarch was ever so greatly loved."

Late that afternoon they bore him away, back to his own people. A little group gathered on the hôspital steps to say farewell; they watched them down the flowery path to the gate, and then lost sight of them for a few minutes in the city streets, but later they saw them take the narrow road through the young budding wheat until the sad procession came to the winding river; and Père Le Brun walked beside his friend, as he had done for the last fifty years.

With tear-dimmed sight they turned to leave, and found standing behind them the quiet, dignified figure of their Confucian teacher. "Ah, ladies," he exclaimed, "we Chinese find a proverb in our sacred Mencius: 'The great man is he who does not lose his child's heart.'"

THE READER'S VIEW

BOOKS FOR THE SOLDIERS

One of the greatest needs of the thousands of men now in camp on the Mexican border is a generous supply of reading matter, both for recreation and for serious study. Efforts have been made to meet the demand for fiction and for general magazines, but there does not seem to be a very general realization that men "under the conditions of camp life in a torrid climate" would be really interested in other than "general and miscellaneous reading."

Despite the "torrid climate," in the first place, the active outdoor life, the simple food, the regular hours, seem to have a most exhilarating effect upon both mind and body. For instance, one young regular writes from northern Mexico that his mind was never clearer or more vigorous; a militiaman from Chicago stationed at Camp Wilson, a few miles from San Antonio, says that he feels "like running and jumping all the time."

In the second place, there is a real demand for technical literature. Even in the training camp there is some time that could be spent in reading, in the border camps even more. One man in a border camp writes that only about four hours a day are spent by the men in drilling, and that the rest of the time is on their hands.

This man is a member of a battery composed entirely of college men, who desire books on engineering and agriculture, as well as some books merely for recreation. Others have asked for books on the history, natural history, etc., of Mexico and Texas. And so the story goes.

The Carnegie Library of San Antonio is too hard pressed in supplying the demands at home to be able to lend books to the border troops; the most that we can do is to place a deposit of books at Camp Wilson in the Young Men's Christian Association club-house, and to give borrowers' privileges to the troops who care to use the main library.

Other Texas public libraries are in the same plight, as are also the college libraries. The State Library is hampered by lack of funds for transportation, besides the fact that their collections are largely of a specialized sort that would hardly meet the demand in full.

The Library of Congress, it was hoped, might be able to do something; but the Library of Congress, being "primarily a research library,... has never undertaken, even for those in the Government departments near at hand, to furnish general and miscellaneous reading," and suggests that it would be "an appropriate undertaking for the Department of War" to supply such material. It is hardly likely, however, that the Department will be able at any time soon, if ever, to undertake this work.

Meanwhile, what are our boys to do with their spare time? The old adage about the occupation which a certain enterprising gentleman always finds for idle hands is too well known to need quoting here. Even if these full-blooded young Americans could compass the humanly impossible feat of keeping entirely out of mischief, think of the waste involved in taking out of their lives so much time that could be profitably spent!

The best—at present the only—solution of the difficulty lies in the placing of books at the Young Men's Christian Association club-houses which are being established on the border. Such books should become the property of the Young Men's Christian Association.

The Young Men's Christian Association is working manfully, heroically; but the Young Men's Christian Association needs help, and needs it sadly. Donations in money are far

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better, for the most part, than books, since unsuitable selections, uneven distribution, and duplication can be avoided.

H. W. Chaffee is the Young Men's Christian Association secretary in charge of this work among the soldiers. Any one who has contributions to make for this specific object would do well to write directly to Mr. Chaffee at the Young Men's Christian Association Building, San Antonio, Texas.

ELIZABETH HOWARD WEST,
Librarian, Carnegie Library.

San Antonio, Texas.

QUAKERS, INDIANS, AND PREPAREDNESS

I

Two or three contributors to The Outlook have referred to the relations between the Quakers in Pennsylvania and the Indians in the discussion of the preparedness issue; and it may be of interest to note what one of our best historians, John Fiske, has to say upon this point in "The Beginnings of New England," page 206:

"When the Quakers came to Pennsylvania in 1682, the only Indians in that neighborhood were the Delawares, who had just been terribly beaten by the Five Nations and forced into a treaty by which they submitted to be called 'women' and to surrender their tomahawks. Penn's famous treaty was made with the Delawares as occupants of the land, and also with the Iroquois league as overlords. Now the great central fact of early American history, so far as the relations between white men and red men are concerned, is the unshaken friendship of the Iroquois for the English. This was the natural consequence of the deadly hostility between the Iroquois and the French, which began with Champlain's defeat of the Mohawks in 1609. During the seventy-three years which intervened between the founding of Pennsylvania and the defeat of Braddock there was never a moment when the Delawares could have attacked the Quakers without incurring the wrath and vengeance of their overlords, the Five Nations. This was the reason why Pennsylvania was left so long in quiet. No better proof could be desired than the fact that in Pontiac's war, after the overthrow of the French and when Indian politics had changed, no State suffered so much from the horrors of Indian warfare as Pennsylvania."

Windham, Connecticut. A. B. ROBERTS.

II

After reading, under "The Reader's View," "Quakers and Preparedness," in your July 19 issue, I wish to answer and correct H. C. McKenzie in regard to the "Quakers." Mr. McKenzie evidently got his view from J. W. Fortescue's "Military History," or partly so; to quote:

"You know that late in the seventeenth century a company of worthy and excellent men formed the settlement of Pennsylvania in North America. They were members of the Society of Friends, who would have nothing to do with war, and consequently bought their lands from the Indians, instead of taking them by force or fraud. Frugal, thrifty, and industrious, they soon grew wealthy and extended their borders farther and farther, until they came into collision with other tribes of Indians, who one day fell upon the outlying settlers with fire and sword. In utter dismay the sufferers appealed to the Government of the province for protection; but the Colonial Assembly would not do violence to their tenets and ignored the appeal, leaving their unhappy and inoffensive frontiersmen to be massacred. At length, goaded to desperation, the settlers came down to Philadelphia with their arms in their hands, and threatened violence unless the Assembly voted money for supply of ammunition and other measures of defense forthwith. Thereupon the Assembly yielded, but still they would not openly pass a vote for the purchase of gunpowder. To save their conscience, they voted money only for the purchase of corn or other grain, which, as gunpowder is made up of grains, was sufficient warrant for the acquisition of the necessary but unspeakable article. To such contemptible subterfuge are men driven who refuse to face the facts."

This statement is very misleading indeed. It was not other tribes of Indians that made the trouble, but other tribes of white men who had come to the Quaker province. The troublemakers were the Scotch-Irish from Ulster, who exasperated the Indians by their pugnacious intolerance. Why should the Indians have land which Christians want? they demanded.

The settlers who came down to Philadelphia were a company of these militants, who had just lynched some twenty peaceable Indians at Lancaster, and threatened a group of Moravian Indians, then in Philadelphia, the same way. The Philadelphians arose in arms, including some Friends, and the expedition went back without a fight or accomplishing their object.

The purchase of gunpowder twenty years previous was an incident to supply a military attack on the French fort at Louisburg. The Assembly refused to provide men or ammunition, but appropriated £4,000 for bread, beef, pork, flour, wheat, or other grain. The Governor, not a Friend, on his own responsibility, said that "other grain" meant gunpowder, and so expended the money. P. W. SMITH.

New Hope, Pennsylvania.

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BY THE WAY

From time to time during the last forty years this journal has taken pleasure in calling attention to the fact that the poem entitled "If I Should Die To-Night" was written by Miss Belle Smith (Mrs. Tabor), and appeared, signed "B. S.," in this journal (then The Christian Union) in its issue for June 18, 1873. The special occasion for again making this announcement is that in an extremely readable and entertaining article in the New York "Evening Post" on the late James Whitcomb Riley, Mr. Melville Stone speaks incidentally of "Ben King, the author of 'If I Should Die To-Night.'" Mr. Ben King was the author of *a* poem called "If I Should Die To-Night," which was an extremely clever parody on the original poem by Belle Smith, and appears in several of the anthologies. By a curious freak he has been, without any fault of his own, generally credited with the authorship of the original poem. If we remember rightly, several other claimants to the authorship appeared who had no such claim.

The dispute as to the use of the word "English" in place of "British" crops up every little while. The London "Spectator" has recently had vigorous controversial letters about it, caused, we believe, by the title of Mrs. Humphry Ward's war book, "England's Effort." Apropos of the discussion, an exchange says that once in the House of Commons Mr. Asquith was corrected for saying "British" when he really meant English, and in apologizing for the slip he explained that he had but lately been broken of the opposite error.

One hundred and thirty thousand maps of the National Forests will be distributed to tourists this summer. These maps show the best camp sites, good hunting and fishing grounds, roads, trails, and telephone lines, and give directions how to reach points of interest.

One reflection of the general prosperity of the country is seen in the fact that the Postal Savings deposits for June last were four times the amount of the deposits for June a year ago. The net gain of June, 1916, over June, 1915, was $3,800,000. While the gain was general throughout the country, there was a rather notable increase in the smaller industrial centers. More liberal legislation regarding postal savings also had something to do with the matter.

Several correspondents write to The Outlook that the poem "Christ in Flanders," reprinted in The Outlook of July 26 last, in fact originally appeared in the "Spectator" of London, as we supposed. One correspondent thinks that it appeared in the issue of the London "Spectator" for September 11—presumably 1915, but possibly 1914. All say that the poem was originally signed "L. W." A correspondent, who seems fully informed on the subject, states that the author was Lucy Foster Whitmell (Mrs. Charles Whitmell), of Leeds, England, and that the poem was reprinted in leaflet form and sold nearly fifty thousand copies, while it has been quoted in sermons by the Bishop of London and the Archbishop of York. It is said also that the poem was reprinted in New York City at the Chapel of the Comforter, in Horatio Street, as Gospel Leaflet No. 11, and was widely distributed in card form.

To guard over four hundred and fifty million passengers for a total distance of over ten billions of miles (four hundred thousand times around the world) without the loss of the life of a single passenger, is indeed a railway record of which to be proud. These figures are given by the Pennsylvania Railroad System as a total record in announcing also the fact that in the first six months of 1916 over ninety-two millions were carried on the system without the loss of a single passenger's life.

Pope's "Lo! the Poor Indian" will have to be supplanted by "Lo! the Rich Indian" if all Indians become as wealthy as those of the Osage tribe, who are reported by the United States Interior Department as having a per capita wealth of $20,000. This is due to the fact that the tribe was originally settled, much against its will, on land which afterwards turned out to be rich in oil and minerals.

Visitors in Italy years ago came home with a vivid realization of the fact that Italian cities were sorely in need of societies for the protection of animals. One such society has existed in Naples for years, and The Outlook has more than once referred to its excellent work. It is still finding cases of cruelty, and is helping animals in spite of war conditions. That in spite of improvement the society is still needed is shown by statistics which have reached us, such as that there were nearly seventeen hundred prosecutions for ill-treating animals in Naples alone during the year, and that the agents of the society confiscated over twenty-six thousand sticks which had been used for beating horses and mules. We hope that, as in the past, some of our readers will be moved to send checks for this good work to the Princess Mele Barese, 7 Chiatamone, Naples, Italy.

A New Orleans cotton broker, says the "Lamb," employed a young woman stenographer who was an acutely incorrect speller. So he bought her a dictionary and advised her to use it regularly. The next morning he noticed that to protect the new book from the constant wear she was expected to give it she had covered the back with cloth, and across the cover she had written, "Dictionery."

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